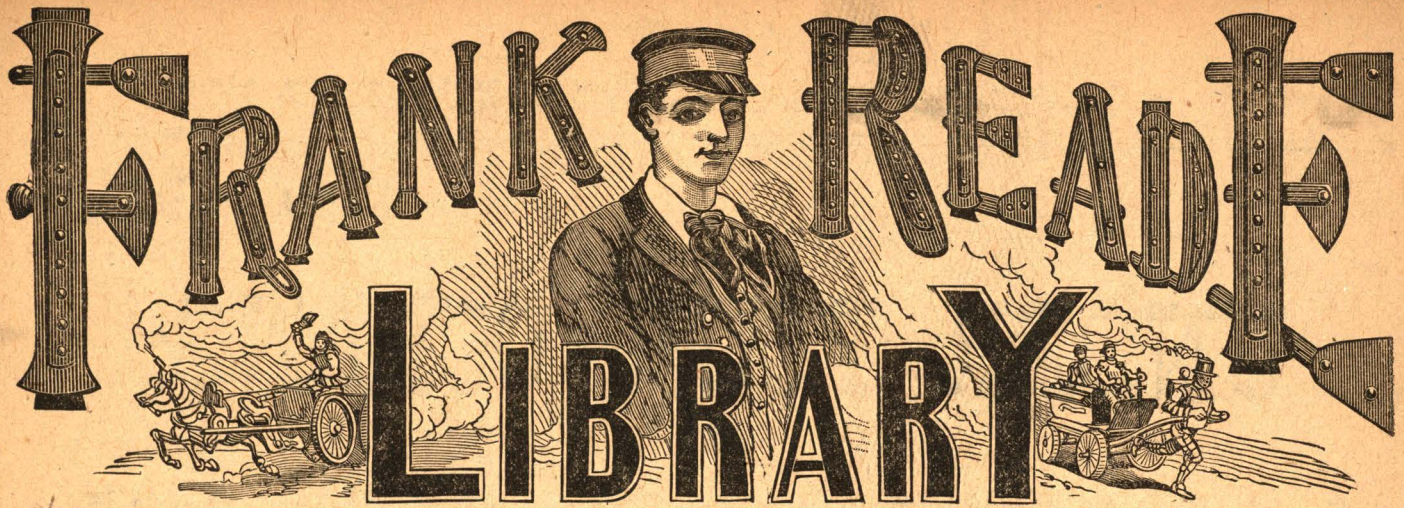


"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library.



Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 5, 1892.

No. 106. { COMPLETE. } FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. { PRICE } Vol. V.
New York, May 3, 1895. ISSUED WEEKLY. { 5 CENTS. }

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1895, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

UNDER FOUR OCEANS; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."

By "NONAME."



At first it was feared that the Sea Devil had vanished into some distant depths where it could not be found again. But suddenly Pomp gave a thrilling cry: "Look out, Marse Frank. Dere he am coming straight for us!" And as all pressed close to the observation windows they saw that Pomp was right. The monster was apparently coming to the attack.

The subscription Price of the FRANK READE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50; \$1.25 per six months, post-paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

UNDER FOUR OCEANS;

OR,

Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."

A Marvelous Story of the Deep Sea.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "Abandoned in Alaska," "100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea," "Under the Equator From Ecuador to Borneo," "Frank Reade, Jr.'s 'Sky Scraper,'" "Under the Yellow Sea," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAN OF LIEUTENANT RHODES.

MARITIME circles the world over were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by a strange and seemingly improbable report.

One June day a sailing brig came into the mouth of the Mersey looking as if she had experienced rough weather.

She carried jury masts, and her bowsprit was lacking, while her decks looked as if they had been swept by cannonades.

She was soon in tow of a smart tug, and when once safely moored at a good dock, her captain told a story which might well have found a place in the tales of the Arabian Nights.

When in a certain latitude and longitude in the Central Atlantic, as he told the story, the catastrophe which nigh resulted in the total loss of the brig occurred.

It seemed that the *Viola*, which was the vessel's name, was proceeding lazily under full sail through almost a calm sea. Suddenly a terrific commotion occurred not one hundred yards to windward.

At first the water began to boil as with the force of a deep sea geyser, or a suddenly created earthquake. The disturbance was so great that the *Viola* tacked to get out of the unpleasant swell.

But as the crew were watching the mysterious commotion, Captain Martin suddenly shouted:

"Lively, boys! Hard a port? It's the Sea Devil."

Not one in the *Viola's* crew but turned ghastly pale.

Not one but had heard of the mysterious and terrible deep sea monster which had terrorized the mariners of all nations, and had attacked and sunk more merchant vessels in the past two years than any other cause.

No one had yet been able to describe the Sea Devil.

It was known that it was a mammoth species of half fish, half reptile, which had doubtless come from some lair in the deep sea to prey upon anything which it might find on the surface.

No doubt it was a sole living remnant of an extinct species of saurian, which had appeared on the scene to illustrate to the modern sailor what the ancient mariner had to contend with, and as living proof that all his famous yarns of deep sea monsters were not gross lies.

There certainly was no manner of deception about the Sea Devil. He was a palpable living monster, and a destructive one as well.

At Lloyds, in Liverpool, no less than twenty-two missing vessels were charged to his account. These and their unhappy crews he had sent to the bottom of the sea.

Ships of war cruised in all waters of the world for the monster. It was believed that a six-inch shell, rightly aimed, would correct his highness of the infatuation that he was sole monarch of the high seas.

But it was a queer fact that no shot, however well aimed, had yet brought his marine majesty belly upward. Whether it was owing to the trepidation of the gunner or the exceedingly tough hide of the Sea Devil could not be guessed.

It was enough that he baffled all attempts at destruction. He con-

tinued to roam the seas master of all. Nor did he confine his efforts to one liquid quarter of the globe.

Now he was heard of in the Pacific, next he appeared in the Indian Ocean, and then perhaps in the Atlantic.

Many captains averred positively that there were a dozen of these monsters in existence.

The method of attack of the Sea Devil was to circle about the doomed ship and suddenly attack it head on below the water line.

It seldom failed to crash in the hull and send the vessel to the bottom with post haste.

But it remained for Captain Martin with the *Viola* to give the best account of the Sea Devil, and also to claim the honor of being the sole survivor of its fearful attack.

The Sea Devil had attacked the brig immediately upon seeing it. Captain Martin, however, was determined to save his ship if he could.

He instantly sprung to the wheel and veered the *Viola* so as to keep her as much as possible head on to the attacking monster. He would rather the vessel should get the blow head on than abeam.

The result was that the Sea Devil struck the vessel's bow and coursed along her keel. The shock was tremendous and threw her on her side. Had she been less steady she would have turned turtle.

But, while the impact with the sea shattered her masts, she righted and floated safe and sound save for the damage to her rigging.

It was supposed that the monster's tail or fluke had in some way swept the deck for it was cleaned quite nicely of all portable articles and the rail.

Had the monster returned to the attack it could easily have finished its work.

But for some inexplicable reason it did not do so.

It disappeared into the sea and was not seen again. It was certainly a close call, and the captain and crew of the *Viola* had good reasons for mutual congratulations.

This was the story told by Captain Martin of the *Viola*. He described the Sea Devil as well as he could.

"He looked to me like a cantankerous sculpin," he declared, "on a big scale. His mouth was as big as six hogsheads, and he had a fore and aft fin as big as a ship's keelson. As near as I could tell he also had legs like a crocodile. I tell you, I never seen his likes outside of a dream, and it 'ud take more'n one gallon of grog to make me dream that-a-way sartin."

The captain's story was taken with liberal abridgement by the maritime commissioner.

But setting aside the captain's indisputable inclination to magnify the case, there was no doubt but that the Sea Devil existed, and was a menace to ships in all parts of the world.

So the Marine and Naval authorities of Great Britain and the United States exchanged opinions. Warships had in vain endeavored to run the monster down. They had met with failure upon every hand.

But there was one smart young officer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard who ventured to declare openly that he knew of a way to run the destroyer down.

So much talk did he make about the matter, that he was not a lit-

tle surprised and gratified as well, to receive a summons from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington.

"Now, Lieutenant Rhodes," declared the secretary, keenly, "it is said that you know of a way to dispose of the Sea Devil. Either advance it to us, or keep forever silent on the subject."

"I will do both!" replied the young lieutenant, with dignity.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say!"

"Let me know at once your plan for disposing of the Sea Devil."

The lieutenant gazed steadily at his superior and said:

"Thus far search for him has been conducted upon the surface of the sea. This is all wrong, for he is a deep sea fish. If you want to catch the Sea Devil you must pursue him into his native haunts."

A shade of disappointment and mingled anger swept over the Secretary's face.

"On my word, I've a mind to court martial you for this, Rhodes. Remember that practical joking is not tolerated in the navy of the United States."

"I am not joking, sir," retorted Rhodes with asperity. "I resent the insinuation."

"Not joking?"

"No, sir."

"Then explain yourself. How do you propose to follow the Sea Devil to his deep sea haunts and destroy him?"

"There is but one way, sir, and that is with a submarine boat."

Again the Secretary looked angry.

"No more trifling, Rhodes!" he declared. "You know very well that there is no such thing in existence as a submarine boat. To attempt the construction of one for this purpose would be an insane freak."

Rhodes' eyes opened with surprise.

"What?" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you have not heard of—of—"

"Of what?" asked the secretary, impatiently.

"Why—of the new invention—the new submarine boat invented by Frank Reade, Jr., the brainiest young man in this country to-day!"

"Frank Reade, Jr.?" exclaimed the secretary, in amazement, "the inventor of the air-ship, of the electric horses and other wonders? Of course I know him. Do you mean to say that he has really invented a submarine boat?"

"Of course I do," replied Rhodes, positively, "and I supposed you knew it too!"

"Why this is the first I have heard of it. But if that is the truth—of course—I see—ah!"

The secretary rose and paced the floor for some moments.

Then he turned sharply to the lieutenant.

"Rhodes," he said, "you have done me a great service. I want you to do more."

"I am subject to your orders, sir."

"Very well. Get ready as quickly as you can and go out to Readestown and see Frank Reade, Jr."

"All right, sir."

"Lay the case before him. Tell him that this government will see that he is rewarded well if he will run down this sea monster with his submarine boat."

"I will go at once, sir."

"Wait!"

"Well!"

"Wire me at once if he will accept the undertaking. Moreover, go with him upon this cruise. What you will learn will be of advantage to the Navy Department. I give you leave of absence indefinitely and a doubling of pay."

When Rhodes went back to Brooklyn that night he was almost in a hysterical frame of mind, so delighted was he with the prospective undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO READESTOWN.

JACK RHODES was a young man of more than ordinary qualifications. One of his best points was decisive action.

He lost no more time than was necessary to pack up his effects.

Then he left the navy yard and took the first train for Readestown.

When he arrived in the smart little city, he went at once to the machine works where Frank Reade, Jr., was to be found.

As he approached the gate, a short, comical looking darky sprang up. He ducked his head and showed a gleaming row of ivories.

"Mornin' sah!" he exclaimed. "I see Pomp, sah. Yo' want fo' to see Marse Frank Reade, Jr.?"

"I do," replied Rhodes.

"Yas, sah! Who shall I tell him wants to see him, sah?"

"Here is my card."

"A'right, sah."

The darky vanished. In a few moments he returned, saying:

"Marse Frank wants yo' fo' to cum in, sah."

Rhodes followed the darky across the yard of the machine shop and into a neatly furnished office.

Upon tables about lay plans and draftings, as well as curious looking models of wood and steel.

A tall, handsome and distinguished looking young man sprang up, and advancing, extended his hand.

"Lieutenant Rhodes?"

"Frank Reade, Jr.?"

"Glad to meet you!"

"The same!"

In an instant these two young men were warm friends. There was created between them an instinctive bond of friendship.

It did not take the lieutenant long to explain the object of his visit.

Frank Reade, Jr., listened to his story with deepest interest.

"I have read newspaper tales of this deep sea monster," he declared, "but I must confess that I thought them exaggerated."

"They do not half do the subject justice," declared Rhodes.

"I am interested," declared Frank. "Indeed I could ask for no more exciting object for my submarine cruise than the chase of this Sea Devil."

"Then you will undertake it?" cried the lieutenant eagerly.

"I certainly will be delighted to. It is just the contingency I desired."

"Bravo! You are a hero, Mr. Reade. The government will reward you well."

"No they won't."

"What?"

"I shall accept no reward. I regard this as simply a duty which I owe to the shipping interests of my country. It will be a real pleasure for me to chase the Sea Devil. As for the money—why, I am rich anyway, and do not need it."

"Then the reward shall be devoted to a charity," declared Rhodes.

"By the way, Mr. Reade, is it asking too much to allow me to accompany you?"

"Upon the submarine cruise?"

"Yes."

Frank looked attentively at the young lieutenant.

He felt instinctively that he would like him as a comrade en voyage and so at once mentally decided in his favor.

But he said aloud:

"Are you quite sure you will dare to risk a few months under the ocean?"

Rhodes' eyes opened wide.

"Will I dare?" he exclaimed in amazement. "What would I not dare for the grand honor of accompanying you upon this cruise?"

"We shall at times be miles from the surface. We may never return again to the light of day!"

"Delightful!" cried the young lieutenant, fervidly. "My happiest dreams will be realized. Oh, the delicious risk!"

"Then you will risk it?"

"To the limit. Listen, Mr. Reade. I am an officer of the U. S. Navy. I have won my commission as lieutenant. I would not deserve it were I a constitutional coward."

Frank laughed heartily.

"You shall go!" he cried, gripping Rhodes' hand. "I know that we shall be friends. I like you immensely. We will lose no time in preparing for the start. How soon can you be ready?"

"I am ready now!" cried the lieutenant. "I made my preparations before coming here!"

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How were you so well assured of success?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"I was not," replied Rhodes, "but to leave no possible loophole for failure, I determined to be all ready. And here I am!"

The young inventor was more and more delighted with his new friend.

"Well," he declared, "the boat is all ready to sail to-morrow. The last bit of stores was placed aboard yesterday. The crew will consist of you and I and my two faithful colleagues, Barney and Pomp."

"Barney and Pomp?"

"Yes!"

"An Irishman and a negro?"

"Just so!"

"By the way, did I not see the negro when I came in?"

"You certainly did. He was undoubtedly the one who showed you in. They are valuable men, I tell you, and have accompanied me upon every trip of the kind I ever took."

"Oh, I've no doubt we shall be friends," declared Rhodes. "Now what time shall I be on hand to-morrow?"

"At ten o'clock."

"Very well, I'll be here."

"Yes, for the boat lies in a tank in that inner yard, which is connected by a canal and a lock with the river. From here we shall travel down the river to the sea."

Rhodes took his leave. He went directly to the railway station and wired the Secretary of the Navy the result.

The next morning at precisely ten o'clock he was driven in a cab with his trunks to the gate of the machine shops.

The gate opened and the trunks were taken charge of by Barney and Pomp, who suddenly appeared on the scene.

There was an immense crowd outside and along the river banks, waiting for the submarine boat to appear.

On board the submarine boat they proceeded. Frank had left the shops in charge of his trusted head mechanic.

The submarine boat floated in the tank which was a deep excavation in the machine shop yard covering fully an acre.

From this tank a canal led down to the river. It was an easy matter to pass the boat out by means of a lock.

The new invention had been launched and tested fully a week before. It proved a genuine triumph and a success in every way.

Barney, the Irishman, was in the pilot-house.

He was an experienced electrician and mechanic. Pomp on the other hand was a good electrician but also a past master in the art of cooking. The galley was his kingdom.

Barney and Pomp were always the best of friends though never agreeing upon any one point. This anomaly is explained in the mutual propensity for nagging and the playing of practical jokes upon each other.

We shall be able to study their characters and peculiarities a little better in the course of our story.

But before the start upon the famous submarine voyage is made, let us take a look at the submarine boat and its mechanism.

The "Nautilus," as it was called, was built much upon the lines of a speedy yacht of the schooner class.

Her hull was made of steel plates, skillfully riveted and lightly rolled. Above her deck was a dome shaped structure, extending the whole length of her, which was also of steel.

This was the cabin proper of the submarine boat. It was provided with heavy plate glass windows, and also a number of dead-eye windows.

In the forward part was the glass enclosed pilot house. Here was the steering gear and electric key board by which the electrical machinery was operated.

Fore and aft, a narrow outer deck extended which was guarded by a hand rail. A door and vestibule was situated amidships.

Here also an outer gangway led down the side of the ship to a door in her lower hull which was used for certain purposes, which the incidents of our story will in due course divulge.

Three masts to steady the boat rose from her deck, but she was not designed to carry sail, even though she might sail on the surface.

This is an external description of the Nautilus. Now let us take a look at the interior.

Of course there are many puzzling difficulties to overcome in building a submarine boat.

One of these is the question of sinking and raising the boat at will, or keeping her suspended at whatever depth was necessary.

Frank had overcome this obstacle in a most ingenious manner.

In the hold of the Nautilus there were huge compartments with valves and automatic sections, all of which were operated by pneumatic pressure.

When the valves and sections were opened water rushed instantly into the reservoir, causing the boat to sink to various depths as the weight overcame her buoyancy.

This was registered upon a table in the pilot house by means of a buoyancy gauge, a clever invention of Frank's.

Thus she could be kept suspended at any depth, and easily propelled with a powerful screw.

The engines were operated by powerful dynamos, operated in turn by a system of storage battery, which were also a secret invention of Frank's.

The questions above narrated overcome, Frank was confronted with yet a greater one.

This was how to support human life on board while the boat was under water, for one person would soon exhaust the oxygen it contained.

Frank had provided the boat with pipes and valves which ran through each compartment. These were connected with chemical generators, which performed the double duty of consuming the bad air and manufacturing and circulating fresh air.

With these principal difficulties overcome, the manufacture of the submarine boat had not been difficult and was easily made complete.

CHAPTER III.

EN ROUTE.

THE interior of the cabin was richly furnished. Frank had spared no expense or effort in this direction.

The cabin was also provided with all the essentials of a deep sea trip such as scientific and nautical instruments.

Provisions sufficient to last a year were on board.

As for the electrical fuel, the batteries were so constructed that they could easily be renewed for an indefinite period.

Of course, when Rhodes inspected the submarine wonder, he was not a little impressed with its marvelous appointments.

He could not help saying spontaneously:

"You are a genius, Frank. Truly this is one of the greatest marvels on the face of the earth."

"Or the seal!" said Frank, jocularly.

"As you please. It certainly is incomparable."

As the Nautilus glided out into the river an immense throng of people was on the banks.

They greeted the appearance of the boat with wildest cheers. This new invention was to them one of Frank Reade, Jr.'s, greatest.

And Frank Reade, Jr., was a most popular man in Readestown, as he should have been.

Frank was much gratified by this manifestation of good will, and, to please the people, decided to exhibit the peculiarities of the invention then and there.

So he bade all go into the cabin. In the pilot-house he pressed a small button which caused all doors and windows to become hermetically sealed.

The boat was now in the middle of the river.

"You are going to send her to the bottom, Frank?" asked Lieut. Rhodes.

"Yes," replied the young inventor. "I want to exhibit her to the people."

"It will be my first experience under the water!"

"I hope you will enjoy it."

"Indeed I am sure I shall."

The next moment there was a rush of waters over the deck. The boat settled gracefully.

For an instant darkness reigned in the cabin.

But Frank pressed a button which instantly set every electric lamp on board in a blaze.

It was a wonderful experience and Rhodes could hardly contain himself.

The boat had touched the bed of the river, and he had but to look through the plate glass observation windows to see all quite plainly.

The search-light was also called into purpose and showed the bed of the river as plain as could be for a long way ahead.

In every respect the submarine boat was a certain success. This must be admitted.

"Of course this is nothing compared with the bed of the sea," said Rhodes. "Indeed I am anxious to be there."

"And you shall have your wish full soon," declared Frank. "We will not dally long here. Press the reservoir lever, Barney."

"All roight, sor," replied the Celt.

The next moment the boat was swiftly mounting upward to the surface. As she sprang into view like a buoyant duck, the people on shore wildly cheered.

The Nautilus was a success and it now only remained for her to track the Sea Devil to its deep sea lair.

This Frank Reade, Jr., was fully resolved to do. He would scour the oceans of the world to accomplish this purpose.

The last heard of the mysterious monster was off the coast of South America and exactly on the Equator.

Here it had scuttled a ship and sent it to the bottom. All hands on board were lost.

Of course it was not a certainty that the monster was yet in that locality.

He might be heard of next, three thousand miles away. But nevertheless, Frank decided to proceed to this spot where he had last been heard from.

It seemed to be the only and most logical way of overtaking the destroyer. To chase him was the best course.

In such a vast body of water as the ocean, of course finding him depended largely on chance. But this chance Frank hoped to win.

Once he had come up with the creature he believed he could cope successfully with it.

To this end he had provided in a curious way.

Heretofore this had been attempted with cannon balls and explosive shells. Of course, such weapons of offense Frank could not use under water.

But he had so arranged the steel shell of his boat that he could heavily charge it with electricity.

The full force of the dynamos could be so employed that contact with the vessel's outer hull would be most deadly.

The submarine boat had therefore but to come into collision with the Sea Devil to finish it. At least this was Frank's confident belief.

Therefore it was the young inventor's policy to solicit an attack from the creature. The victory would then be won.

The passage to the sea was made in safety and in good time.

Soon the Nautilus was speeding over the waters of the Atlantic.

Southward the course was made to the Equator.

Part of the way the Nautilus proceeded on the surface.

She hailed several ships, Frank hoping to get a fresh report from the Sea Devil, but in this he did not succeed.

While under water the Nautilus showed herself a gamy and stanch boat, and fulfilled all expectations.

It was of course quite a wonderful thing to travel in that manner through the sea depths, and Rhodes perhaps appreciated it the most.

Many wonderful sights were witnessed on the ocean's floor.

At times the boat passed over miles of a vast expanse of clear white sand. Then would come fantastic coral and shell formation, and again submarine forests almost natural as the real thing.

It was all very wonderful and Rhodes declared aptly:

"It is worth a life time to take this trip. There is nothing anywhere else on earth to compare with the wonders of the deep sea."

Barney and Pomp were right in their element.

Nothing suited them better than to be off on a tour of adventure with their beloved young master.

"Be me sowl!" cried Barney, as he threw a handspring on the floor of the forward cabin, "I hope we'll not be long foindin' that Sea Devil. Shure if he's any manners at all he'll lay in wait for us somewhere!"

"Yo' kin bet he don' want no mo' dan a berry brief 'quaintance wif dis ere boat," declared Pomp, confidently; "it be a little bit ob a 'prise pahy fo' dat fish yo' kin gamble."

Then he gently cut a double shuffle.

Barney could not resist the inclination to interfere with this. He slid one foot forward and it collided with one of Pomp's. The result was that the darky stood on his head in an undignified manner.

Had he been other than a darky this might have been a serious affair.

But Pomp's head was no exception to the proverbial one, and it only shook him up a little. Moreover it excited his ire.

He recovered himself in a spluttering fit of rage.

"Wha' yo' mean, yo' impident fishman!" he roared, furiously. "Yo' jes' try dat lilly trick agin, an' I break yo' back fo' yo'."

"Ho, ho, ho!" screamed Barney in a convulsion of laughter; "yez can't do that, naygur."

"I kain't, eh? P'raps yo' kin tell me why?"

Pomp was very angry.

"Begorra, I'd niver let yez!"

"Yo' wouldn't, hi? We'se gwine to see 'bout dat d'reckly. See dat big fish starin' in dat window at you!"

Barney turned his head a moment. He saw in that instant that he was fooled, but he had not time to recover. Pomp, with a yell, lowered his woolly head.

The next moment it met Barney's stomach full and fair. There was a gasping shriek and the Celt turned a complete back somersault into the next cabin.

Pomp would have followed up his advantage to Barney's serious detriment but for the fact that Frank Reade, Jr., sat in this cabin.

The young inventor had just time to turn when Pomp vanished. Barney was winded, but he managed in some way to get on his feet and scurry away.

"Be jabers, I'll aven it up wid that coon!" he muttered vengefully. "He'll niver git the best of Barney O'Shea!"

The submarine boat was making rapid progress through the Middle Atlantic to the Equator.

St. Paul Island was the objective point of the cruise. The Sea Devil had been seen to the east of this and thither Frank intended to go.

He had a chart of the ocean currents and had formed a quite logical theory, based upon their action.

"A big fish like that," he said, "would undoubtedly keep in the great ocean currents and probably would swim no great distance against the current. Now just to the southeast of St. Paul Island where the monster was seen, there is a division of the Equatorial currents. One flows north along the northern coast of South America, and the other flows south along the coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope."

"Exactly!" agreed Lieut. Rhodes, eagerly.

"Now the fish probably took one or the other of these currents. It is more than likely that he went south."

"Along the coast of Africa?"

"Yes."

"Good! then we shall follow on in that direction?"

"I think it is best. Of course it will be all a question of luck whether we run across the fish or not!"

"Oh, certainly, but I just happened to think that it is possible that if the monster came north we might meet him."

CHAPTER IV.

HAILING THE BRITISH PRINCE.

"Yes," agreed Frank, "of course there is a chance. Yet I am inclined to believe that he has struck out for the South Seas."

"I only hope we shall succeed in coming up with him."

"We will do the best we can."

The Nautilus kept on her way to the Equator with all speed. She was a rapid sailer and made good time.

As the days passed the seas grew less tempestuous, and had they been dependent on sails the voyagers would have surely been a good while getting to their destination.

For they ran into seas of glass where the doldrums held many a trading ship in statu quo for days and even weeks.

But the Nautilus was provided with a screw and powerful electric engines.

So she plowed on without any trouble. Nearer they drew to their destination.

One day Frank came on deck and noting the altitude of the sun began taking observations.

He announced finally:

"We are exactly on the Equator. St. Paul Island is due west from us. Not fifty miles to the east the Equatorial Current divides."

This was good news for all.

Thus far they had met and exchanged hails with many ships. But none of them could give any word of the object of their quest.

Now, however, a big four master was seen standing in toward them from the southeast.

Rhodes could not help saying:

"We ought to hail that fellow, Frank. He comes from just the right direction to bring us news of the Sea Devil. What do you think?"

"You may be right," agreed Frank. "We will call him up!"

Accordingly the submarine boat headed toward the distant ship. Signals were exchanged and the two vessels drew nearer each other.

The ship ran up the British ensign. This showed her nationality. As they drew near enough for a hail, her rail was seen to be lined with blue jacket tars. She was a handsome type of the old time sailing vessel.

An officer in her shrouds with a trumpet shouted:

"Aho!"

"Aho the ship," replied Frank.

"What craft is that?"

"The submarine boat, Nautilus, of Readestown, U. S. A. Frank Reade, Jr., master. What ship is that?"

"The trader, British Prince, of Liverpool, from Mozambique with ivory and dye stuffs, Captain Archibald Fife. Where are you bound?"

"We are in search of the Sea Devil," replied Frank. "We are authorized to find and destroy it."

An eager cry came back.

"Then we can give you valuable word. We have seen the monster!"

This created the most intense excitement aboard the submarine boat. Rhodes was nearly crazy.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "We have hit it! We are on the right track!"

"That will indeed be a great help to us," replied Frank. "Where did you see the monster?"

"Not two days ago, about one hundred miles south in the Equatorial Drift. We feared for a time that it meant to attack us. It dived under us, and went around us six times, but finally disappeared."

"In what direction?"

"It went below the surface. More we cannot say."

"You are to be congratulated on your escape," declared Frank.

"It was indeed most wonderful. We thank you for the information and wish you a prosperous voyage."

Then the British Prince went on her northward way.

The Nautilus sped away in the opposite direction.

Frank was satisfied of one fact.

"The creature is following the southern current," he declared. "If we keep on and have any kind of luck we will certainly overtake him in due course of time."

This seeming fact that the fish confined its extended ramifications about the earth to the trend of the ocean currents much simplified the process of searching for him.

Of course to attempt to find him without any clew in the ocean at large was much like looking for a needle in a haystack.

One might succeed, and then again one might never. The chances were in favor of never.

But so long as the fish continued to appear at frequent intervals, and always in the ocean currents, there was almost a certainty of falling in with him sooner or later.

And Frank decided to settle the question and make the issue at first meeting if possible.

So, mightily hopeful, indeed extremely confident, the searchers went on their southward way.

Constant watch was kept of the sea.

At night the searchlight swept the mighty expanse. At times also the boat descended below the surface, and even to the bottom.

Of course there were hundreds of miles upon either side which must go unexplored.

But Frank kept well in the middle of the current and trusted to luck.

They proceeded far south of the point where the Sea Devil had been last seen by the British Prince.

But no further sign of him was seen or heard of.

Every vessel they met was hailed but without avail. The days passed into a week.

They were now almost on the Tropic of Capricorn, and not more than three hundred miles off the African coast.

Frank had about come to a new conclusion.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the creature had taken a sudden leave of the South Atlantic," he said, "and switched off over into the Indian Ocean. I think we had better push on around the Cape."

"I agree with you!" declared Rhodes, "by all means!"

So the boat was headed for the Cape. But six hours later the first thrilling experience with the object of their chase was had. They got their first view of the Sea Devil.

The boat was forging along good and steady. Barney was on the forward deck, scouring the horizon with a glass, when he let out a yell which might have waked the dead had he been in a churchyard at the moment.

"Whurroo! cum quick, Misther Frank! Shure it's the boody crather fer sure. Wud yez be after takin' a look at it yesilf to make sure."

In a moment Frank and Rhodes were by Barney's side.

Frank gazed long and earnestly at a curious-looking object about a mile distant on the surface of the ocean.

It looked like a drifting vessel bottom upward, but yet it was too great in length for that.

It lay dormant. Frank cried excitedly.

"Shift our course, Barney. Make for it!"

Barney needed no second bidding. He quickly sprang to the wheel and shifted the Nautilus' course.

But before the submarine boat had covered half the distance the huge creature made a move. And it was truly a move.

Up out of the water went a mighty head like that of a sperm whale, and a column of water shot fifty feet into the air.

A monster tail beat the water into mountain waves and made a sound like thunder.

The little submarine boat was violently pitched as if in a great storm.

"Jericho!" gasped Rhodes, turning white. "I don't know but what that creature is too much for us, Frank."

"Begorra, he'll swamp us!" cried Barney.

"We must not get within reach of that tail assuredly," agreed Frank. "That would never do."

The boat could not safely approach any nearer to the Sea Devil just then.

Now it could be very readily understood why captains of great ships stood so greatly in fear of the creature.

There was certainly a good reason for it. No ship that ever floated could safely risk a blow of that giant tail, or the force of those terrible jaws.

For a time Frank kept aloof. He knew that it was necessary to use great caution.

The Sea Devil disported itself for awhile in its terrific manner.

It did not appear to see the submarine boat. After a time it relinquished its activity and lay quite still.

Then the Nautilus stole a trifle nearer. But just as the nerves of the voyagers were strung to the highest pitch there came a change. Suddenly and without warning the Sea Devil sank.

Only a boiling caldron of water marked the spot where it had been.

For a moment the voyagers were unable to act; then Frank, realizing the peril, cried:

"Into the cabin! Lower the boat, Barney!"

A moment later the Nautilus was on her way to the bottom.

And in this she had the advantage of a surface vessel. This was taking the Sea Devil at his own game and in his own element.

Frank charged the hull to the full force of the dynamos. There was power enough to subdue the monster at a touch as he believed.

Under water the search-light's rays were sent in all directions. They made objects quite plain.

The bed of the ocean here was smooth and sandy. A better place for a conflict could not have been chosen.

At first it was feared that the Sea Devil had vanished into some distant depths where it could not be found again.

But suddenly Pomp gave a thrilling cry:

"Look out, Marse Frank. Dere he am coming straight for us!"

And as all pressed close to the observation windows they saw that Pomp was right. The monster was apparently coming to the attack.

CHAPTER V.

CHASING THE SEA DEVIL.

It was certainly a thrilling spectacle which was beheld by those on board the submarine boat.

It rested on the bottom of the sea.

Frank judged that it would stand the shock of the encounter there as well as anywhere. Moreover, it would be difficult for the monster to strike the boat full force in that position.

The giant fish had apparently been attracted by the electric light.

He was coming to the attack with furious force. It was a frightful spectacle for those on board the Nautilus.

They saw a great mountain of black swooping down upon them. There was a vision of terrible claws and gleaming jaws.

Then—what followed was a jumbled mass.

Frank was always certain that the fish did not come in contact with the boat.

If it had it would certainly have received the death shock, and the boat itself would have felt this.

But what did happen was a very confused mass. There was a terrific whirling of waters around the boat. It seemed lifted and twisted and hurled, and then the next moment shot up into daylight.

The lever had been thrown back by the shock, and this had been sufficient to send it kiting to the surface.

But the fish—what of it?

All eyes scanned the sea to see it lying belly upward and dead. But no such thing was seen.

To the contrary, far to the southward a great column of water was seen to spurt up into the air. They knew that it was the Sea Devil, alive and very lively.

Chagrin, surprise and mystification were all blended in the bosoms of the four voyagers.

Indeed, they were wholly unable to understand it.

"Jericho!" gasped Rhodes. "Is that chap proof against electricity as well as cannon balls?"

"Begorra, it must be a tough hoide he has!" declared Barney.

"I done fink dat am right enough!" averred Pomp.

"He certainly struck us, didn't he, Frank?"

The young inventor shook his head.

"If he had he would be dead now," he declared.

Rhodes was astounded.

"You don't really mean to say that he didn't strike us!" he cried.

"Why, what could have given the boat that terrific shock?"

"Well," said Frank, with conviction, "I will give you my opinion. I don't believe the fish struck us. We were too low down in the sands for that."

"Very likely the electric light blinded him and greatly diverted his course. I think he passed just over us without touching the boat. The whirl of water in his wake was what twisted the Nautilus around so. He is a many times heavier body than the Nautilus. This is my opinion."

"Well," agreed Rhodes, "it is certainly a logical one, and you must be right, Frank. What a pity! He has given us the slip."

"Yes."

"But why did he not attack us a second time?"

"Easily explained," replied Frank. "We at once shot to the surface, and were probably out of sight when the fish turned about."

"Why of course."

"Then he probably shot away at full speed for several miles before coming to the surface."

"Then we really dodged him."

"That is just about it."

"What shall we do then?"

"Why, continue to chase him, of course. I am in hopes we can come up with him again soon."

So the Nautilus was put to full speed in chasing the Sea Devil. But it was not such an easy task to catch him.

He was a most elusive body, as they soon learned.

For fully two hundred miles, night and day, the chase went on.

The Sea Devil would come to the surface at regular intervals only to disappear again and to appear the next time perhaps a dozen miles further to the south.

It was truly like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. The Nautilus was certainly no match whatever for the monster.

In this way they speedily drew into Cape waters. And here they were more than ever in the beaten path of vessels.

So it happened that one morning a thrilling and awful spectacle was witnessed by the submarine voyagers.

Not more than twenty miles off the coast a small steamer flying the Portuguese flag was working her way along.

Frank on the forward deck of the Nautilus had sighted her and was watching her carelessly.

Rhodes was doing the same, and both were astounded to see a familiar column of water rise just astern of her. Rhodes gave a cry of horror.

"My God! it is the Sea Devil!" he cried.

"It is," rejoined Frank, "and that is a doomed vessel."

"We must save her if we can."

"We'll try it."

The Nautilus was brought about and made a swift run for the fated schooner.

A signal of warning was set. But it was of no avail.

The Sea Devil was seen playing about the doomed vessel. Whether her crew were conscious of the deadly peril or not did not appear.

Suddenly a great wall of water rushed toward the schooner. The big fish was back of it.

The next moment masts and yards were seen to go over and meet the water. The vessel's keel was seen as she lay a moment on her side.

Then the crash of timbers was heard even at that distance.

Those on board the submarine boat were frantic with horror and impotent effort.

"Crowd on all speed, Barney!" cried Frank, wildly. "We must save some of the crew if we can!"

But the distance was too great. Before the Nautilus could cover it the schooner had sunk beneath the waves.

The destroyer was many miles to the southward.

A momentary vision of members of the crew struggling in the water was had.

Then all was smooth. When the Nautilus reached the spot, there was nothing afloat but a few bits of wreckage.

The destroyer had placed another victim on its list. One more ship had vanished from the face of the sea and its fate and that of its crew might never be known to their friends at home.

Nothing, of course, could be done, for the crew of the schooner were undoubtedly all dead, but Frank Reade, Jr. said grimly:

"I shall overhaul that monster yet and when I do he shall pay for all this!"

And once more the Nautilus went in pursuit of the destroyer.

But now matters underwent a great change. This was the last seen of the Sea Devil in Atlantic waters.

The quest was now to carry the explorers into a new ocean, and the most wonderful of all on the face of the globe.

This was the Indian Ocean. Straight on in the Equatorial Current the submarine boat proceeded, until Cape Town was reached.

All this while nothing had been seen of the sea monster.

"Will we keep on around the Cape?" asked Rhodes.

"No," replied Frank. "I believe I will drop into Cape Town. Perhaps we may get some valuable information there."

"Good!"

"What is more, we must let the authorities know there of the wreck of this schooner."

The justice of this was to be easily seen.

The name of the schooner had been obtained it was believed, from the floating stern board of a small boat. On it was inscribed:

"Donna Maria, Cape Town."

Accordingly the submarine boat put into Cape Town. She created a genuine sensation there.

There were a number of American vessels in the harbor, one of them being a United States man-of-war.

As a result a reception was given aboard her to the submarine voyagers which they enjoyed much. In fact, a jolly time was had.

Frank notified the authorities of Cape Town of the fate of the Donna Maria and earned the gratitude of the owners, who could now recover the insurance.

Everybody was interested in the exciting chase for the Sea Devil and wished the submarine voyagers good luck.

"I will run him down if it takes a lifetime," declared Frank.

"Even if I have to sail under every ocean on the face of the globe."

"You have already been under one ocean, Mr. Reade," said the captain of the ship of war.

"Yes," replied the young inventor, "and I am just about to enter another."

"I trust you will succeed."

Nobody in Cape Town, however, could give any clew to the whereabouts of the big fish.

But just as they were leaving the harbor a fishing smack came in, the crew in great fright.

They were from Pietermaritzburg Natal, and while weathering the Cape westward to make Cape Town fell into the wake of some terrible sea monster which they believed to be the big serpent, the bugaboo of mariners.

The creature had not attacked them, but had made such a sea about them that they had lost a section of the forward bulwarks, a foretopmast, stays, shrouds, and otherwise got badly shaken up.

A more demoralized or terrified set of mariners were never seen. They were like a row of white ghosts with chattering teeth as they told their ghoulish tale.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTUGUESE WARSHIPS.

THE captain of the warship was much excited.

"Why, it is a menace to the shipping of the world," he declared. "No waters on the globe are safe. Truly something ought to be done. If you can run that monster down and kill it, Mr. Reade, you will earn the gratitude of the civilized world."

"That is what I intend to do," declared Frank, resolutely. "You shall see."

"I certainly wish you success. I would go with you with this ship, but my orders are to wait here for our flagship."

"That is all right," said Frank. "I think I can handle the creature alone. I shall endeavor to reach him in the depths."

"You certainly have an advantage with your submarine boat."

"I believe so."

Then the Nautilus took leave of Cape Town.

After making the Cape and bending to the northward, a question arose.

Which course had the destroyer taken? Had he gone through the Mozambique channel, or had he gone east via the connecting Current toward Australia?

It puzzled Frank for a short while. But he finally decided to go up through the channel.

In this the others concurred.

"He seems to be inclined to hug this coast," declared Rhodes. "It's my opinion, Mr. Reade, that we will do well to go up through the channel!"

"That settles it!" agreed Frank. "Up the channel we go!"

Past the mouth of Delagoa Bay the boat ran and a day later was in the channel.

Here the American flag became a curiosity. There were plenty of Portuguese traders, British steamers and Indian junks.

It was useless to hail these or try to derive any information from them.

So Frank kept ahead on his own hook.

All on board were constantly on the lookout for the sea monster. But nowhere in the channel did they get a view of him.

An amusing incident occurred as they were rounding Cape Ambro, the northernmost point of Madagascar, and between a number of small islands.

Here were valuable pearl fisheries, controlled by the Portuguese government as it seemed.

Two man-o-war vessels were in patrol here to keep away interlopers, or poachers. They almost immediately sighted the Nautilus.

But the first intimation the voyagers had of their proximity came in a startling manner.

A cannon ball struck the water one hundred yards from the Nautilus, and actually bounded clear over the submarine boat.

Rhodes involuntarily ducked his head and yelled:

"Jericho! Who has fired on us?"

Then all saw the Portuguese vessels bearing down upon them at right angles. They seemed in haste to cut off the interlopers.

"They are men-o-war," declared Frank: "they have ordered us to heave to."

"They might have been polite at least," growled Rhodes, "if that fool of a gunner had not aimed short, that ball would have struck us."

Frank was very angry.

"They are Portuguese," he exclaimed. "What do they mean by such an outrage? We will see about it!"

Then he turned to Barney.

"Show the American flag at the masthead," he said.

"I'll do it, sir!"

A moment later the stars and stripes were flaunting in the breeze. Both Frank and the lieutenant looked for the Portuguese to hold off now.

But they did not.

The sight of the American flag convinced them all the more that the little vessel was an illicit pearl fisher.

So they even fired another shot across the bow of the Nautilus.

For a moment Frank was undecided what to do. He was very angry and felt like teaching the uncivil foreigners a lesson.

It was not a question of escaping from the war ships.

This was easy enough.

He could have sent the submarine boat to the bottom, and the Portuguese would at once have been outwitted.

But this was not the point.

After some amount of reflection Frank decided to have some fun with the Portuguese.

"Keep cool," he said to Rhodes, who was angrily fuming, "I'll teach these ignoramus something."

So he brought the Nautilus about and lay to, waiting for the war ships to come alongside.

Up they came pompously, under full head of steam, their commanders confident that they had made an important capture.

Standing on the bridge, the commander of the first ship hailed the Nautilus in Portuguese.

As it happened, Frank had a good knowledge of Spanish and a fair smattering of Portuguese. He understood the hail as:

"Ahoy, you pearl stealers. Send a boat aboard with your papers!"

To this Frank replied:

"Why not be more polite, senor? We fly the American flag!"

"A murrain on your flag," retorted the Portuguese commander, "that game won't work. We know your errand in these waters, and if you are Americans or Turks it matters not to us. Show your papers or we'll send you to the bottom!"

Frank might have informed the choleric fellow that he could go there without his aid if he chose. But he held his temper.

"Will you dare fire on the American flag?" he cried. "Remember that America is a powerful nation."

"But her navy is only fit for a frog pond!" sneered the impolite commander. "Will you accept our terms or not?"

"May I ask why you hold us up this way in these waters?" asked Frank.

"Because we suspect you of being pearl fishers."

"But I can assure you that we are not."

"Your assurance is worth nothing. We ask for absolute proof. This is his majesty's ship, Don Pedro, and we are under orders to protect these pearl fisheries, which are the property of the Portuguese Government. What craft are you?"

"This is the Nautilus, submarine boat of Readestown, America. You attempt us harm at your peril! If you want to send a boat aboard of us, we will prove our character to you. But we resent the insult and will not send a boat aboard of you. The time has not come when Portugal dares fire upon the American flag in any waters of the world. Take the warning."

"Jericho, that is good!" cried Rhodes, joyfully. "Oh, don't I wish I had the Boston or the Charleston here now! Wouldn't we settle their hash quick?"

"Keep quiet or you'll spoil the fun," adjured Frank.

"I'm mum as an oyster."

There was an excited conference on the deck of the man-o-war. Then the hail came again:

"You claim to be a submarine boat?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Then what are you doing in these waters, if you are not illicitly fishing for pearls?"

"We are in chase of the Sea Devil, a monster fish which has been destroying shipping in all parts of the world," declared Frank; "that is the real reason for our presence here!"

Another consultation followed on the man-o-war's deck. Then the hail came:

"Your excuse is a suspicious one. You are under arrest. Sail alongside and we will send a guard aboard!"

Frank's eyes twinkled.

He turned to the pilot-house. Rhodes looked aghast.

"Surely you are not going to do that!" he said.

"Keep cool!" adjured Frank.

Barney worked the Nautilus nearer to the war-ship. A guard of marines were putting off in a boat.

It could be seen that the Portuguese commander was sure that he had made a most important capture. But Frank was of a different opinion.

To Rhodes' supreme disgust Frank allowed the Portuguese marines to step onto the deck.

They were in command of a pompous officer, who saluted Frank stiffly and said:

"We seize this vessel in the name of the King of Portugal!"

Frank laughed insolently. He walked up to the officer and snapped his fingers in his face contemptuously.

"Do you?" he exclaimed keenly. "Well, I don't believe you do. You are the most wooden-headed, pig-brained set that grace the face of the earth. If I was to serve you right I would make your country pay indemnity for this outrage. But I choose a different method of learning you good manners. Excuse me till I show you how I will do it."

And with a most extravagant bow Frank stepped into the cabin. Rhodes and Barney and Pomp had preceded him.

Before the astonished Portuguese officer could recover an astounding thing, to him, happened.

Frank's purpose in getting close to the man-o-war was a good one. The muzzles of the guns could not be sufficiently depressed at such short range to do the Nautilus any harm. However, it is doubtful if there would have been time anyway.

For quick as a flash Frank sprang to the key board.

He pressed one button which closed every door and window. The Portuguese officer reached the cabin door just too late.

Then Frank pressed the lever which caused the reservoir to fill. Instantly the boat began to sink.

Down she went.

What was the result?

Half a score of dismayed and astonished soldiers and marines were floundering in the water.

Of course they were picked up safely but much discomfited. As for their brilliant prize—it was beyond their reach.

The captain of that Portuguese man-o'-war must have been a mad and excited man just then. Whether he was or not, our voyagers had no means nor interest for ascertaining.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE INDIAN OCEAN.

THE Nautilus ran under water for a dozen miles or more.

When she came to the surface she was to the leeward of the islands where Portugal so jealously protected her pearl fisheries.

The warships were not in sight.

A good laugh was indulged in.

"Well, you did fool them good, Frank!" declared Rhodes. "I was never more delighted in my life. How it must have taken down their egotism!"

"I imagine they have plenty left," declared Frank. "But you were a bit worried when I let them come on deck."

"I had not guessed your purpose."

"Did you think I would really surrender to such a lot of jays?"

"I—I really was not sure."

"Well, don't ever misjudge me that way again," said Frank, flatly. "I am not such a fool."

"Anyway," said Rhodes, in delight, "we gave them a dandy set back. No Portuguese living was ever yet a match for a live Yankee!"

With which bit of pardonable egotism Rhodes lit a cheroot and paced the deck like a victorious admiral.

Leaving Madagascar and its contiguous islands far to the southward, the submarine boat now struck into the Japan current and was carried swiftly to the eastward.

Long dives were taken in the mysterious depths of the famed Indian Ocean.

Day and night the surface was also scanned, but yet there was no sign of the sea monster.

And a conviction grew upon Frank which he could not shake off.

"Ah," he declared, "I fear we have made a mistake, and that our prize has gone off in that connecting current to Australia."

"That would be hard luck," said Rhodes in dismay. "How could we overcome it?"

"Why, simply follow this current until it bends southward and then make for Australia ourselves. We ought in that way to meet our prey if he still sticks to his current following plan."

"Unless he passes us in the night."

"Of course all those chances we are taking. However, let us hope that we can bag the game at the next encounter."

"Or be bagged," said Rhodes; "do you know, Frank, I feel a bit shaky about letting that big brute ram this boat."

"Eh?"

"I believe he would knock it into smithereens."

Frank was reflective a moment.

"No doubt it would kill the fish!" continued Rhodes, "but on the other hand, would it not utterly demolish the Nautilus?"

"Yes, I should think it might," agreed Frank, "but if we ram the fellow unawares it is about as bad. He will make enough of a splurge to give us a bad shaking up."

"So I think. I wish there was some other way of fixing him off?"

"There may be!" said Frank. "I shall give it consideration. There is no reason why we should sacrifice our lives needlessly."

"Of course not. We must live to enjoy the credit of this great deed of philanthropy and heroism. Ahem!"

"Exactly! We will try and live," agreed Frank with a laugh.

The Nautilus would run for a ways on the surface and then go to the bottom. The search light would be used to sweep the ocean depths with, for some sign of the Sea Devil.

Thus the Nautilus kept on for days toward the outer waters of the Bay of Arabia.

In these waters, where the depth was fully a mile, and the water was as transparent as crystal, the voyagers encountered some thrilling experiences.

The boat was drifting along through a submarine current, and not but a few hundred feet from the bottom, when Rhodes, who was at the observation window, shouted:

"On my word, here is a deep sea city. Come here quick, Frank!"

The other voyagers were instantly by his side.

And they were equally astonished at the scene spread before them.

They saw below them the streets, pavements, walls and domes of a mighty city under the sea.

It was all like an unreal dream, and for a time they were hardly able to realize it.

But yet their senses were not to be disputed. It was no submarine mirage, but a reality.

"A deep sea city!" gasped Frank Reade, Jr. "What a mighty wonder! It was no doubt once above the surface!"

"Begorra, maybe there is a quare kind of people under the sea also," suggested Barney.

"No," declared Frank, "that is hardly likely. That city was

built by human hands! I believe there is a tradition that a part of Arabia once sank into the sea! It must then be an actual fact!"

"Aye," cried Rhodes, "for the indications are that this is a very ancient city."

"Indeed yes," said Frank, "but how wonderfully preserved!"

"That is easily explained. The coral insects have encased it all in a coating of shell. This has kept the stone intact. And look! every house is the home of some sort of a sea monster!"

"Bejabers, p'raps this is the reale home of the Sea Devil!" ventured Barney.

"Golly! I done fink he am de mayor den," averred Pomp.

This caused a general laugh. The boat all the while had been drifting over the buried metropolis of ancient days.

The search-light was hardly needed, the water was so clear and transparent.

It was truly a wonderful sight. The voyagers gazed upon it spell-bound.

Then the boat drifted over a mighty amphitheater which was similar to the Roman Coliseum.

There were tiers upon tiers of stone slats. The roof doubtless had been a huge canopy.

The mighty arena was adorned with strange looking statues of all manner of strange beasts. It was once no doubt the scene of gladiatorial and other combats similar to those held at Rome.

Frank suddenly checked the course of the boat.

Then it began to sink.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rhodes, in surprise.

"I am going to take a little look at this sunken city," he said. "I shall have no better opportunity. I am interested."

"Good," cried the lieutenant, with delight. "I was going to suggest it myself, but did not know how you would take it."

"We will not lose much time," said Frank, "and we may gain something of interest."

"Correct," agreed Rhodes. "It may be some while before we come this way again."

"Just so," laughed Frank.

The boat settled down and rested upon the paved floor of the arena. It could be seen now what a mighty structure it was.

The walls rose about them to a tremendous height. There was something grand and impressive in the style of architecture.

The imagination could picture the savage combats between man and beast, which had taken place in this mighty circle.

The tiers of seats might one day have held cheering thousands. Where were they now!

What had become of them? Had they gone down into the depths when the great tidal wave came and the great city sunk a mile deep beneath the waves?

If so, their remains must have long since crumbled and passed away.

Ages had passed since the submerged city had occupied its place on the earth in all its grandeur and pride.

None of its inhabitants had dreamed of its awful fate, and certainly none had foreseen this visit of a submarine boat in these latter days to the scene.

For some while the voyagers continued to study the wonders of the depths.

Then Frank went into his cabin.

When he came out he was attired in a diving suit. Rhodes regarded him with amazement.

"Where are you going, Frank?" he asked.

"I am going to explode the interior of one of these houses," he said. "Don't you want to go also?"

"What! Are you going to leave the boat?"

"Yes."

"In that diving suit?"

"Certainly."

"But," exclaimed Rhodes, in surprise, "where is your life-line and the pump?"

"There is no need of such with this sort of a diving suit," said Frank.

"What do you mean?"

"I will explain to you easily. You will see that upon my back there is a large square case."

"Yes."

"That is connected with this helmet by a rubber pipe."

Frank held the helmet in his hand.

It required but a few moments for Rhodes to see this.

"Now," continued Frank, "the square case on my back is a chemical generator and reservoir similar to the one which supplies the boat with fresh air, only on a smaller scale."

Rhodes saw the point.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "I can see how it is. This enables you to travel anywhere without being trammelled with a life line."

"That is it," said Frank.

"How long will the generator furnish good air?"

"As long as the chemicals last, which would be for several days."

The young lieutenant looked out of the observation window and then said:

"Do you think I would refuse your invitation? Not much! I am ready to go with you, Frank. Where is your diving suit?"

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DEEP SEA PALACE.

BARNEY had stood near by looking on wistfully all the while. He was only awaiting an invitation himself.

For if there was one thing the Celt enjoyed it was hazardous trips and with Frank Reade, Jr.

Frank saw what was on the Celt's mind and said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"Barney, bring another diving suit. You and Pomp may keep house until we return."

The Irishman ducked his head with a disappointed grimace.

"All roight, sor!"

Then he hustled away and soon came back with the diving suit. In a few moments Rhodes had donned it.

But the lieutenant was puzzled.

Before he put on the helmet, he said:

"But I can't see, Frank, how we are going to leave the boat."

"Well," said Frank explanitively, "you will remember that there is an entrance in the hold, a door below the water line when the boat is afloat on the surface."

"Yes; I have wondered what that was for."

"Well, it is to leave the boat by, when she is under water."

Still Rhodes was puzzled.

"That may be all right," he said, "but how on earth dare you open that door long enough to walk out? Will not the water rush in and flood the boat?"

"No," replied Frank.

"Why not?"

"Come with me and I will show you."

Rhodes followed the young inventor down into the hold. Frank had no trouble explaining matters to the other.

"You will see," he said, "that we step into a vestibule here, we close the door into the cabin thus."

They stepped into the vestibule. Frank closed the cabin door; then he said:

"Now when I wish to leave the boat I simply put on my helmet and turn this valve. In a second the vestibule is filled with water. The door behind us prevents the cabin from being flooded. Then I open the outside door and walk out, as the vestibule is already filled with water."

"Simple enough!" said Rhodes, "but in coming in——"

"I walk in and close the outer door. By pressing this valve a pneumatic pressure forces the water out of the vestibule. Then I can enter the cabin safely!"

"What a clever contrivance," said the lieutenant, now comprehending all. "Are we ready to go?"

"Yes!"

They donned their helmets. Frank pressed the valve and the vestibule was instantly filled with water.

Then he opened the door and they passed out upon a small gangway.

In a moment more they stood upon the pavement of the submerged arena.

There was a giddy feeling for a few moments from the intense pressure of the water.

But this soon passed away, and the two divers walked with ease on the coral incrustated pavement.

Rhodes' first impulse was to speak to Frank. To his momentary surprise the young inventor did not answer him.

Then he remembered that conversation under water was impossible unless their helmets were placed close together.

So he contented himself with making signs.

Frank led the way across the arena. Passing under a great archway, they came into a street of the town.

It was a broad thoroughfare, and lined with mammoth buildings.

Frank's purpose was to explore one of these.

He was curious to know the architecture of the interior, so he selected a large edifice just opposite and entered it.

Connected with each diver's suit was a storage battery, which kept ablaze a small electric lamp on the top of the helmet. This enabled the divers to see with the greatest of ease.

And it was a wonderful scene which met their gaze as they entered the building.

Myriads of curious fish of all colors of the rainbow dashed out of the place.

It was evident that man was an unfamiliar and possibly an unwelcome visitor. So they made rapid flight.

But the interior of the building was what claimed the attention of Frank and Rhodes.

It was marvelously beautiful in detail of sculpture and decoration. Of course only such as was imperishable was left.

But there were beautiful columns and pilasters, cornices and bases of a style of sculpture equaled only by the ancient Greeks.

Surely these submerged people must have in their day been a wonderful race and highly gifted.

Through the mighty structure the two explorers wandered.

There were mighty banquet halls, chambers of state and audience rooms, all adorned with wonderful finish in marble and other fine stone.

No wooden or metal furniture had survived, but in the banquet hall there were long tables of marble upon carved legs of onyx.

The building was evidently the palace of some prince or other high ruler in the land.

But Time and Fate, the two great levelers, had swept all away to the shores of Eternity. It is the common fate of mankind.

The two divers spent a much greater length of time in the submerged palace than they imagined.

They had begun to think of a return to the submarine boat, when a curious phenomenon occurred.

The water in the building became suddenly furiously agitated. It rushed in at the doors and out again so strongly with some commotion, that neither Frank nor Rhodes could keep their feet.

They were tossed hither and thither like corks. Frank finally clung to a pillar and Rhodes clung to him.

This brought their helmets together and the lieutenant shouted:

"What in mercy's name is it?"

"I can't imagine!"

"Can it be an earthquake?"

"If so, we are lost!"

"I think we had better get back to the boat as soon as possible!"

"Certainly; but we can't seem to get anywhere while this hubbub lasts."

But after a time the waters ceased their terrific motion, and then they hastily left the palace and started to return to the Nautilus.

But what of Barney and Pomp whom we left on board the Nautilus? The darky and the Celt had not been without a bit of excitement.

Immediately Frank and the lieutenant had disappeared, Barney turned and eyed Pomp.

This was the opportunity he had long waited to get square with the darky for a practical joke played on him some while before.

Pomp knew it and was prepared. Warily the two jokers regarded each other.

"Phwat are yez lukin' at, yez black ape?" exclaimed Barney, glowing at the other.

"Yo' kin bes' tell dat yo'se'f, sah!" retorted Pomp.

"Well, phwat do yez want?"

"Don' yo' know dat dis am de chainece yo' and I hab jes' bin lookin' fo', fo' a long time?"

"Yez may be roight!"

"A'right, yo' stuffed up I'ish mucker! Yo' am no count nohow."

"Yez cock-eyed black son av' a gun, yez."

"Yo am po' stuff."

"Yez are a big balloon!"

"Ki dar! yo' look out fo' de bullgine when de whistle blow. Dis am a berry hard old cowcatcher yo' bet!" and Pomp shook his head like a mad bull or an irate ram.

Barney knew that he spoke the truth. He had felt the force of that solid cranium in his abdomen many times, and knew well its knocking out qualities. He had no desire to repeat the experience.

So he kept a wary eye upon his opponent.

But matters could not well help coming to a focus very soon.

The two belligerents meant to settle the score, and without a great sight of parrying either.

Suddenly Pomp made his rush.

Barney managed to dodge just in the nick of time.

Pomp struck the door frame full force.

It made the boat quiver, and would have brained an ordinary man.

But the distress of the darky was only temporary. He turned like a whirlwind and made another dive at his foe.

This time Barney was obliged to grapple.

Then down went the two scrappers upon the floor of the cabin.

And there they tugged and panted and wrestled a long while with not much advantage on either side.

How long they were thus engaged, they never could guess. They were aroused in a peculiar way.

Suddenly the submarine boat began to rock and sway as if dealt repeated blows.

This Barney saw as he gained his feet was caused by great waves or currents of water striking heavily against its sides.

Something was creating a tremendous amount of agitation. What it was they could not guess.

They were sobered now.

The two jokers stood looking at each other in a guilty sort of way. Barney exclaimed:

"Begorra, phwat the divil is it?"

"Am it an airtquake?"

"The divil knows."

"Kin yo' see anyfing ob Marse Frank an' der leftenant?"

Both rushed to the observation window. The water about the boat was in a state of fearful commotion.

Frank and Rhodes were not in sight but Barney and Pomp beheld that which caused the blood to tingle in their veins and thrilled their very souls with horror.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHASE CONTINUES.

For a moment neither could act, so horrified were they.

Then Barney gasped:

"Begorra, it's the Sea Devil!"

The cause of the terrific agitation in the depths was indeed the monster of the sea.

Its mighty form could be seen above the arena walls. It was resting upon some of the housetops and engaged for diversion in thrashing its mighty tail about, which made the fearful currents of water.

As it lay there in full sight it did not seem to heed the submarine boat.

The sensations of Barney and Pomp could well be imagined.

They were taken so completely unawares by the apparition that they knew not what action to make.

When he recovered himself sufficiently to act, Barney started to turn on the current which would charge the hull of the boat, but Pomp grasped his arm in terror.

"Don' yo' do dat, chile!" he cried.

"Phoy not?" asked the Celt, in surprise.

"Golly, chile, don' yo' flink ob Marse Frank an' de leutenant? S'posin' dey cum along an' touch it an' git killed too?"

Barney gave a shudder. He fairly embraced the dorky.

"Begorra, yez are a brick!" he cried. "Shure, I niver thought av that. Whurroo! phwat the devil shall we do?"

"I done flink we bettah stay right heah, an' keep quiet till Marse Frank done cum back."

"But phwat if the Devil goes fer to attack us?"

"I don' believe he kin get down in here to git at us," said Pomp.

And indeed this looked to be the case. The walls of the amphitheater interfered certainly with any possibility of the huge fish charging at the boat.

It was practically a safe position.

Seeing this, Barney and Pomp ceased to worry about that matter any further.

But both were intensely excited and eager for the return of Frank and Rhodes.

They watched eagerly for their appearance, and suddenly Barney cried:

"Hooray! there they cum, be me sow!"

It was true.

Frank and Rhodes were coming with all haste into the amphitheater. They paused in amazement as they took in the situation.

They saw the huge fish, and that it was the cause of the commotion in the depths.

They also saw the coveted opportunity to bag the big game for which they were seeking.

It seemed as if fate had placed this in their way. No time was lost in getting aboard.

They rushed into the vestibule and Frank turned off the water.

A moment later they were in the cabin with their diving-suits removed. Then followed excited exclamations.

"Did you ever hear of anything like this," cried Rhodes. "Surely this is a case of wait, and it will come to you. What a streak of luck."

"It is more than luck," declared Frank, "if we can only bag him now that he is so near us."

The big fish was now lying quite still. Its tail was toward the submarine boat.

This was favorable for an unobserved attack. Of course there was some risk, but yet if one contact could be given the fish with the heavily charged hull, all would be settled in quick order.

Preparations were quickly made. It was an exciting moment.

Frank charged the hull to the full capacity of the dynamos.

Then he went to the key board and pressed the motive key. The boat rose slowly and steadily.

Then straight toward the big fish it went. Frank's hand was on the lever, and the impulse was upon him to open it full force.

It looked as if the game was surely bagged.

But alas!

All in that moment things were turned topsy-turvy. It chanced to be the exact moment that the big fish felt impelled to again thrash its powerful tail.

The tremendous current caused by the action was too powerful for the Nautilus to overcome.

It was swept to one side in a twinkling, and then—whiz! presto! the would-be prey was gone.

Like a meteor the big fish was away through the watery waste and out of sight in a twinkling.

Of course Frank put on all speed and gave chase.

But it was like pursuing an ignis fatuus or a lightning bolt. The submarine boat was simply not in it.

For miles the Nautilus darted on. But the Sea Devil had given its pursuers the slip.

To say that the voyagers were chagrined would be a mild statement.

Frank was disgusted.

"A fine state of affairs!" he growled. "Why, the rascal was right in our clutches. What fools to let him slip!"

"But it couldn't be helped," said Rhodes. "We did the best we could."

"That is true enough."

"Begorra, mebbe I had oughter hev tackled the omadhoun an' not waited for yez, Misther Frank," ventured Barney.

"No," said Frank emphatically. "You did just right, Barney. It was right to wait for me."

"I am afraid we shall not bag the game in the Indian Ocean," said Rhodes.

"We will not give up the chase until we do run him down!" declared Frank.

The Nautilus was now sent to the surface. The Sea Devil, like its prototype in part, the whale, seemed obliged to go at times to the surface for air.

So Frank hoped in this way to get another sight at the monster.

And his surmise proved correct.

The Sea Devil's spout was seen miles to the eastward. The Nautilus at once started in pursuit.

But as Rhodes had predicted, the monster was not destined to be run down in the Indian Ocean.

For weeks the Nautilus kept on almost to the islands of Ceylon.

Then southward into Malaysias and Rhodes declared:

"I'm thinking we shall see Australia after all, Frank."

"Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"I am of the opinion that we shall have to follow this chap down into the Antarctic."

"You don't mean it?"

"If he follows up his old trick of sticking to the deep sea currents we shall. For the Antarctic current is joined just below New Zealand."

"Whew! we shall freeze!"

"Ob, I think not. At any rate I mean to follow the chap, if it is to the South Pole."

"Bravo! that is the kind of talk I like!"

The Indian Ocean now began to merge into its southern half. The coast of Australia was not many hundred miles away.

Sailing vessels were rarely encountered now. In all cases they were hailed.

But none of them had news of the Sea Devil.

No clew whatever was to be had. However, Frank still clung to his pet theory of the ocean currents, and kept straight on into the Antarctic current.

One day he took his bearings, and said:

"We are six hundred miles below the latitude of New Zealand. In another day's sailing we shall be well into the Antarctic Ocean."

Rhodes had begun to wax uneasy.

"I'm afraid we're getting off the track, Frank," he said.

"Oh, no, I think not," rejoined the young inventor. "Where do you get your idea?"

"Well, we have not seen a sign of the fish."

"That is true. However, we can only trust to luck for that. We have had our best success in following the currents thus far."

"That's so," agreed Rhodes, "but how do we know that the big fish is yet in this particular current? He may have cut across into some other, or we may have passed him?"

"All this is no more than hypothesis," said Frank, "that is the best we can follow, and just what we are following."

How much further the argument might have gone it is impossible to say.

But suddenly a hail came down from the pilot-house in Barney's voice.

"Shure, Misther Frank, here is a sail to windward and flyin' a flag av disthress."

In a moment Frank was in the pilot-house.

He saw the distant sail and also the signal of distress. At once he changed the course of the Nautilus in that direction.

The submarine boat ran like a spirit through the tossing waves of the chilly Southern Sea.

Not until the disabled craft was within speaking distance was speed abated.

The craft was seen to be a whaling vessel of a kind common in the Antarctic and flew the British flag.

"Ahoy!" shouted Frank, going out on the forward deck.

"Ahoy!" came back the hail.

"What craft is that?"

"The Defender, Captain Otis Clark of Aukland. Who are you?"

"The submarine boat Nautilus of Readestown, U. S. A."

There was a moment's silence.

"Submarine boat!" came back then. "You don't mean to say that you sail under the water as well as on it."

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, I never!" spluttered the English captain. "Another Yankee notion. You people are the trickiest on earth. I thought you was a torpedo boat."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, we're glad to see you. We're in a bit of trouble. Starboard bulwarks stove, leaking a bit in a forward seam, and we've lost our mizzen mast and half our rudder."

"I see you're badly used up," said Frank, "struck a storm?"

"Not a bit of it."

Then the English captain made a startling statement.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE ANTARCTIC.

"We were sailing smoothly about two hundred miles south of here," he said; "when all of a sudden some terrific monster rose out of the sea just to windward of us."

"I've never seen anything in my life like it. It seemed neither fish nor animal. It scooted around the ship half a dozen times and made so heavy a sea that once it broke over the taffrail."

"Then the next thing we knew it rammed for us. We veered the ship and got a glancing blow. I thought we'd turn turtle, so far over on our mast ends did we go. The critter only struck us once but did all this damage. It then slid away due south. We've been working for Aukland ever since and will make it all right if we don't strike a storm."

Frank and Rhodes were so excited they did not know what to do.

The young inventor turned triumphantly to the Lieutenant.

"What did I tell you?" he cried. "We are on the right track?"

Then he proceeded to inform the British captain that the Nautilus had been chasing the Sea Devil for thousands of miles for the purpose of exterminating it.

Also that he was not the only sufferer from its terrible predilection for the wrecking of ships.

Also that he might thank his lucky stars that he was an exception to the general rule, and had not gone to the bottom instant.

To all of which the captain made a surprised reply, and was fain to congratulate himself upon his exceedingly fortunate escape.

"Is there any assistance I can give you?" asked Frank, finally.

"Under the circumstances none," replied the English captain. "I thank you for your valuable information, and hereafter shall keep my weather eye open for such terrible creatures."

With which the two ships parted. The English brig went on to Auckland, and the Nautilus headed due south for the land of ice and snow.

The weather now became bitterly cold. The seas were rough and tempestuous.

But this affected the voyagers little, for the Nautilus ran most of the way under the surface.

In this manner she in a measure escaped the cold and also the terrible force of the sea.

For several hundred miles the Nautilus ran on thus until Frank reckoned that they were not far from the Antarctic Continent.

Deep sea sailing here was attended with no little risk.

For the seas were filled with icebergs and many of these extended for hundreds of feet under the water.

Collision with one of these would have been a serious matter. It must not occur.

So the search-light was constantly in use and a man was always in the pilot house.

But upon studying the direction of the current with the nautical indicator which he had invented Frank changed the course to the eastward.

If followed straight as a die it would take them to the tip of Graham Land, but the current soon tended more to the northward.

"I tell you," declared Frank, "we shall run our game down in the South Pacific. That is where he is going, and once we track him among the islands of Oceania we will trap him. Mark my word."

"Well," declared Rhodes, "I certainly hope so. We have already tracked him under three oceans. That will make the fourth one."

"So it will."

Steadily to the northward now the bow-shaped current made its way.

The Nautilus kept steadily on.

Frank knew that if the big fish followed his tactics of the past he would be somewhere in this current and sure to turn up in Oceania.

His hypothesis proved correct.

After weeks of patient deep sea sailing and a northward course the South Pacific was entered.

This was known by the change of marine plants and other characteristics of the bottom.

Also the water grew warmer and much lighter. The forms of fish life were much different.

Steadily up into Oceania the submarine boat pushed its way.

"I'm going to make straight for the Great Circular Current which follows the Tropic of Capricorn without further regard to the Sea Devil," said Frank, "then I will lay in wait for him. In these seas I ought to be able to bag the game easily."

"I should say so," said Rhodes. "At least it will be easier looking for him, and the water will not be so deep."

Frank proceeded to follow out this plan. The submarine boat kept on until it finally made the surface not fifty miles from the Society Islands.

Here a missionary ship was sighted which reported sighting a tremendous whale two days before to the southward.

That this was the Sea Devil Frank was confident.

"He is coming this way," he said. "We have got ahead of him, that is all. I only hope we shall get another view of him."

So the Nautilus began to cruise about in a circle, extending as near as possible to each edge of the northbound current.

Frank had faith that he would certainly strike the fish in this way, and indeed his reckoning was not without logic.

Thus matters were, when one night the Nautilus lay at will upon the moonlit sea, while Barney was the only one on deck, the others being below sound asleep.

The Nautilus was barely making headway, as Frank did not like to travel by night. It was the first half of the night, and Barney was on guard.

Pomp was to relieve him at two o'clock. Then the Celt was to retire and have his turn at Morpheus.

A dead calm was on the sea.

The moonlight made everything almost as plain as day.

To a poetic soul, the inspiration of the scene would have been grand. Barney was even not so practical but that he thought it pretty.

"Be jabbers, the say looks loike wan big bit 'av shoiny glass!" he muttered; "it's a quare sight."

Then he fell to ruminating upon various matters connected with home life in Readstown, and from this came a recollection of a duty he owed Pomp for the last practical joke he had played on him.

"Begorra, I'd oughter put up somethin' on that naygur," he declared; "but pwhat the devil shall it be?"

This was not easy to plan. But yet Barney's was an ingenious mind. He sat down and began to think, and finally as an idea came to him his delight was so great that he alternately chuckled and scratched his head, until his red hair stood up like quills on a fretful porcupine.

"Begorra, but tha'll foix him," he muttered. "Shure it'll be a foine chance."

At two o'clock Pomp was to come on deck. Usually he was so sleepy, that it was some while before he could collect his senses.

Barney relied largely upon this fact for the success of his trick.

First he lashed the boat's wheel. As there was no wind it was safe enough to do this.

Then he brought a couple of fine wires from the dynamo and connected them with the spokes of the wheel.

He did not charge them heavily to be sure, but yet heavily enough for his purpose.

Then he crept cautiously down into the cabin and into Pomp's stateroom.

The darky was sound asleep and snoring. His clothes hung from a peg and so did his cap.

Barney took the cap and doused a handful of cayenne pepper into it. Then he crept back to the deck.

Now it happened that Barney always called Pomp to relieve him by pressing an electric button, which gave the darky a sufficient shock to awake him.

Pomp would immediately rise and hasten on deck to relieve the Celt.

Two o'clock came.

The moment for action had arrived. Barney chuckled as he thought of the fun in store for him.

He pressed the electric button. Listening at the cabin stairs he heard Pomp dressing.

A few moments later the darky came stumbling up the companion way. He was not more than half awake.

He had put his cap on. The cayenne pepper was already doing its work. It was sitting down through his wool, and mingling with the perspiration of his face for the night was sultry, and making rapid connection with his eyes and nose.

"Mornin', Mister Shea!" he said, as he bowed vaguely to the Celt. "Am it a good night?"

"Yez are roight," said Barney, trying to suppress his mirth, "but yez had better set the wheel hard over, for the wind is changin' shure!"

"A'right, Pish!" Er-kerchew! I done reckon' I hab caught a cold. Er-kerchew—chew! Massy, how mah eyes do smaht. I hab caught a berry bad cold, Pish."

"Bejabbers! I should think yez had!" agreed Barney, solemnly. "If I was yez I'd change that wheel roight quick an' then set in the cover av the forward cabin where yez can't get a draft."

"Golly! I done fink—kerchew! Yo' am—chew—ah—kerchew—right, Pish."

Then Pomp went aft, all the while muttering: "I done fink I hab mah defter cold. Neber had sick a cold! Ah—kerchew."

Then he laid hold on the spokes of the wheel and turned it. This was all very well.

But when he attempted to remove his hands—lo! they stuck to the spokes. He had not the power to wrench them free.

And every moment the cayenne pepper was getting in its deadly work, gagging and wheezing him. For a moment the darky was astounded.

But a little of this experience was sufficient to wake him up. Then an inkling of the truth dawned upon him.

And a madder darky the moon never shone upon. Words cannot express his feelings just then.

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE PACIFIC.

"Dis am yo' wo'k yo' good fo' buffin' I'ishman!" he exploded. "Ah—ker-chew-chew-chew! I done brek yo' head fo' dis—ah—ah—ker-chew-chew-chew. I'se done dyin' fo' suah. Shut off dat current yo' nasty I'ish loafah an' lemme go or I kill yo'—ah—ah—ah—ker-chew-chew-chew!"

What of Barney, wicked joker? Did he comply with the poor coon's request and shut off the current?

I am sorry to say that he did not. He was too convulsed with laughter and inflated with success to heed any appeal for mercy.

He was getting hunk with his joking colleague in royal shape. He could not see the logic of showing mercy.

"Phwat's the matter wid yez, naygur?" he cried. "Shure, can't yez break away aisy enough? That is a powerful cold in the head yez have."

Pomp never dreamed of the true cause of his agonizing influenza. He understood well enough the trick of the electrified spokes in the wheel, but he never once doubted that his smarting eyes and watery nose were due to aught else but a severe cold.

But the agony and discomfort he suffered was hardly to be expressed in words.

The pain and torture was something almost unbearable. Yet he was obliged to bear with it.

Finally, unable longer to endure the torture, he began to rave and yell at the top of his voice.

Of course this brought Frank and Rhodes out of their bunks. They rushed excitedly on deck.

Both were sure that the boat was on fire or some terrible catastrophe had happened.

Barney saw that the joke had gone as far as was practical and instantly shut off the current.

Pomp, released from his imprisonment, gave a howl of anger and started for his tormentor.

Like a thunderbolt he rushed across the deck.

In the moonlight he of course could not see so plainly.

A man who had just sprung up the cabin stairs was in his path.

In a moment he was upon him, for he believed it was Barney.

Both went down like ten pins, and Rhodes, for he it was, yelled in utter amazement:

"Hold on there! What the devil ails you? Are you mad?"

In an instant Pomp was sober.

"Oh, massy Lordy!" he gasped, scrambling to his feet. "I done made an awful mistake. I fought yo' was dat I'ishman. Ah-ker-chew!"

"Ker-chew!" exploded Rhodes. "What the deuce have you got about you? I should think it was pepper."

"Ah-ker-chew! I done beg yo' paldon, Marse Rhodes. I hab got a terrible cold——"

"A cold!" gasped Rhodes. "Ker—kerchew! Why, drat you, how could you give it to me so soon? You black rascal, you're loaded down with red pepper, I tell you!"

The darkey had a sneezing fit, then he passed a hard over his perspiring face and felt a gritty substance.

The declaration of Rhodes was a revelation to him.

He snatched off his cap and a fine powder flew from it. He comprehended the situation instantly.

"Fo' de lan' sakes," he gasped, "it am pepper, fo' suah, an' de wo'k ob dat no count I'ishman. Jes' lemme git at him!"

Barney had retreated to the pilot-house and barred the door. Rhodes saw that the two had been skylarking, and was disposed to treat the matter in a jovial way.

So he began to laugh. But just at that moment a stern voice said:

"Haven't I forbidden this sort of thing? What are you two rascals up to? What do you mean by rousing us at this time of night?"

Barney was industriously at work in the pilot-house. Pomp skipped into the galley to wash the pepper out of his wool.

Rhodes had to laugh.

"Those chaps about kill me," he cried; "they are up to high jinks all the time."

"Yes!" growled Frank, "they need a bit of discipline, too!"

Then he laughed also, as Rhodes described the affair. Frank was not altogether in earnest.

"Well," he said, "they are bound to have some fun anyway I suppose. What a beautiful night it is."

"To be sure. The sea is just like glass."

Then Rhodes paused.

He clutched Frank's arm and pointed out to the eastward, while with a quick, short breath, he gasped:

"On my word! Do you see that, Frank?"

Frank did see it.

Far out there on the silver expanse of water was a long, dark object. It looked like a floating wreck with hull up.

But suddenly, as they gazed, a spout of water rose in the air. They knew at once what that meant.

"The Sea Devil!" gasped Frank.

"That is just what it is."

"Once more!"

"We are in luck."

"It is fate. How lucky we were called on deck. I forgive those two rascals. Quick, turn on the searchlight."

Frank sprang to the pilot house door. Barney had unbarred it. The young inventor turned on the searchlight.

The Celt was amazed.

"Be me sowl," he gasped, "will yez thry to attack it, Misther Frank?"

"Of course."

Frank turned the bow of the submarine boat upon the monster. He meant to take desperate chances and ram it.

The doors and windows were hermetically closed.

Then the hull was charged.

Straight toward the sea monster sped the Nautilus. It did not move or seem conscious of the approach of its foe.

It was a moment of powerful anxiety and suspense.

Frank clung to the wheel and held the boat for a glancing blow. He knew the contact would be enough.

The intervening distance was quickly covered.

Like a steel arrow the submarine boat descended upon the big fish. There was a sudden shock and then——

What followed in the next few seconds was ever after a vague memory to the adventurers.

It seemed as if the boat was seized and pitched and hurled and smashed. The waves surged over it but as quickly all was over.

The Nautilus floated on the moonlit sea. Not twenty yards distant lay an immovable drifting mass. Its silver line of belly was upturned.

The flash of the searchlight told the story.

The hunt for the Sea Devil was at an end. At last the game had been run down.

The shock had proved fatal and it was dead.

No more the commerce of four oceans need dread the terrible monster. The submarine boat had done its work well.

For a moment the voyagers were silent. Then Rhodes cried exultantly:

"Hurrah! We have won!"

But almost in that moment a thrill of horror seized Frank. He felt a peculiar motion of the boat.

"We have won," he said, "but I fear at the cost of our lives."

Rhodes was pallid.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you hear that rash of water?"

"Yes."

"I fear that the death blow given us by the fish's tail has smashed the reservoir. If it has we are lost."

"We are sinking!"

Frank tried to work the reservoir lever. In vain.

The next moment the Nautilus plunged beneath the waves. Down she sank to the bottom.

In vain Frank tried to raise her. It was plain that the reservoir had sustained an injury.

How extensive this was, or whether it could be repaired or not, was a question.

Frank went quickly down into the hold. It required but a brief examination for him to know the truth.

He came up hastily.

"I fear we are lost," he said, "the reservoir is crushed in. There is no danger of the water coming into the cabin, but we are buried, perhaps forever, at the bottom of the sea!"

A groan of horror escaped Rhodes.

"My God! that is awful!" he said, "is there no way to raise the boat?"

"None whatever!"

"We have given our lives then to rid the seas of that monster?"

"Yes!"

"But—who will ever know it? Our fate will remain unwritten."

"It looks that way!"

Despondency for a time rested upon the crew of the sunken boat. But finally Frank went into the cabin and began to study his charts.

Presently Rhodes in a dejected mood joined him.

"There is positively no chance, Frank?" he asked.

The young inventor was silent a moment.

Then he said:

"There is no chance for the Nautilus! It must remain here forever!"

"But—for us?"

"There is a ghost of a chance."

"What is it?"

Frank placed a finger on a point on the chart.

"As near as I can make it," he said, "that is our position! Just twenty miles to the west is an atoll! Do you think we could reach it?"

Rhodes gave a gasp.

"Reach it!"

"Yes."

"Why—in what manner?"

"By walking on the bottom of the sea! It is a mighty risk!"

The young lieutenant was astounded. For a moment he could not answer.

"You mean travel that far in the diving suits?" he finally asked.

"That is what I mean exactly," replied Frank.

CHAPTER XII.

A DEEP SEA TRAMP.

TWENTY miles' walk on the bed of the Pacific Ocean in diving suits! It was a stupendous conception.

"Why—I am willing to risk anything. But——"

"What?"

"The chances!"

"The chances are only a modification of the certainty. If we stay here with the Nautilus it means death. To leave her is death with one chance in ten of gaining the island."

"If we can make the walk, what are the chances of reaching the island?"

"Not of the best. We are not able to take as exact bearings as necessary. At best, it would be guesswork. By this chart the atoll is due west of us."

"If we should not follow the exact course——"

"Then we would pass by or around the atoll. That would mean that we would be likely to be lost at the bottom of the Pacific. As hopelessly lost as if entombed alive."

"My God," said Rhodes, "that would be a desperate chance. We could hardly hope to eat while under the water?"

"No. We must make the twenty miles without food or drink."

"Yet, if we were sure of striking the atoll exact——"

"We could certainly do it. At least we will make the trial."

"You so decide?"

"Yes."

Rhodes gripped Frank's hand.

"Good! I am with you! We can no more than die, anyway!"

"Which is true."

Barney and Pomp were called in, and the situation was described to them.

They were willing and even eager to undertake the feat. So preparations were at once made.

The diving suits were brought out, and Frank saw that the generators were filled with chemicals to their utmost capacity.

Before putting the suits on, however, again the situation was discussed.

But there seemed no other way out of the dilemma. It was finally decided to take the mighty chance.

Frank had a compass enclosed in a waterproof case. By this he set his course.

Then the start was made.

A hearty meal was partaken of, for they well knew that it would be a good while before they would be able to get another.

Then a last look was taken at the effects on board the submarine boat. As he was crossing the forward cabin he noted a thrilling fact.

Water was trickling across the floor. Rhodes saw it also and exchanged startling glances with Frank.

"What is that?" he gasped.

"Why," said the young inventor, "it looks to me as if the boat had started a plate and was leaking.

"Jericho! then we will be obliged to leave her anyway!"

"Yes."

Frank stepped down into the hold. He comprehended the situation at once.

The boat was indeed leaking, and the leak was such that it could not be repaired save in the dry dock.

Rhodes had spoken truly. They were compelled to leave the boat, for in a few hours at furthest she must be filled with water.

The wonderful submarine boat Nautilus was doomed. She would never be reclaimed from the arms of old Father Neptune.

She was a sacrifice to the extermination of the Sea Devil. However, Frank would not have felt so bad had it left him the certainty of escaping with life.

As it was it looked certainly as if the voyagers were to be a sacrifice also.

But yet the young inventor set his lips firmly and decided:

"We must now reach the atoll anyway. It is our sole hope!"

The water was rapidly filling the hold and seemed to be coming in much faster.

"Begorra, we might as well start now as any time," declared Barney. "Are yez all ready?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

The search-light was set to the westward to light them as far as possible on their way. However, all carried electric lamps on their helmets so that they were not so very bad off after all.

The Nautilus was left behind, and the four divers started on their tramp of twenty miles under the ocean.

Frank carried a pedometer so that he could measure the distance as they proceeded.

At the outset the course was easy. The bed of the ocean was smooth and they made good time.

Frank adhered strictly to the point of the compass. In about two hours' time he consulted the pedometer and found that they had covered five miles.

This was encouraging.

He communicated the fact to the others and they were delighted. Only fifteen miles more if they were lucky enough to strike the island.

If not—the thought caused a shudder. All clung desperately to hope.

To attempt to describe the deep sea walk in words would be impossible. The human imagination palls before an attempt to picture it.

But they could hardly expect to cover the remaining fifteen miles as easily.

Thus far they had met with no obstruction. The chief difficulty lay in walking, as it was an unnatural motion buoyed by the swaying undercurrents, and made them a trifle giddy and sea-sick.

However, by indulging in frequent periods of rest, they made excellent progress until ten miles were covered.

Then they came to the wildest, rockiest and roughest region which they had ever seen.

Climbing over slippery heights, threading devious valleys haunted by ravenous octopus and sliding over precipices of sometimes two or three hundred feet.

For one advantage lay in the fact that there was no danger of a serious fall.

If they slipped over the verge of a precipice it was to descend with a soft motion through hundreds of feet of water, and strike the bottom as lightly as a cork.

The unpleasant part of this was that the shock would cause one to rebound several times, so that a bobbing up and down motion would ensue for some time.

But this overcome after a while they were able to go on.

But it would be tedious to the reader to indulge in the necessary descriptive matter to explain all this. So let us pass on to more exciting incidents of the story.

After a while they had succeeded in crossing the submarine mountains, for such they were.

In the course of the journey they had reached the summit of the peak, which was not fifty feet from the surface.

Through the water which was perfectly transparent, they saw the sky and the sun shining brightly. But there was no high enough point of land to enable them to emerge from the sea.

So they were obliged to keep on. Twelve hours of this sort of work, however, exhausted them.

All felt sleepy, and it was finally decided to indulge.

So a safe hiding-place was found in a little cave of coral, and there they fell asleep.

They were now, by Frank's calculation, not quite six miles from the atoll. But they could have gone no further without rest.

So it was decided to camp for a while.

Soon all were asleep.

It was afterwards remembered by the divers as the sweetest of slumbers.

What this was due to it is not easy to say.

Fourteen hours the divers remained in the embrace of the sleepy god.

Frank was the first to awake.

He could have slept on, but a glance at his chronometer dissuaded him.

He saw the necessity of at once pushing on.

Every hour that they were without food lessened their strength and chances of reaching the island.

So he aroused the others.

The effect of the tramp was now to be seen. The sleep, though delicious, had not refreshed them.

They were affected with languor and dullness. Indeed, Rhodes was quite faint.

The action of the waves or currents made him deadly sick, but the start was bravely made.

The deep sea journey was now resolved into a most serious matter. Every yard, every foot, brought suffering.

For hours they toiled on. Then Frank made signs that only another mile remained.

This cheered them, and they plodded on. The mile was covered. They were yet in the deep sea.

No atoll was there.

The faces of all behind the helmet windows were blanched. There was a miscalculation. The isle might be a hundred miles away.

It might not exist.

In horror and despair all sank down, and might have then and there abandoned themselves to their miserable fate, had it not been for Frank.

The young inventor was all pluck.

He actually dragged the despondent ones to their feet. In this manner they staggered on.

Frank knew well enough the possibility of his having made an error in the exact reckoning of distance. But he believed that he could not have erred more than a mile or two.

So he clung to the belief that the atoll was not more than a mile distance yet.

With intense suffering the party now dragged themselves on.

And a beacon ray of hope suddenly shot down upon them. The bed of the ocean began to rise and shore fish were seen.

With renewed spirits they climbed on. Suddenly coral reefs were all about them.

The light of the helmets was no longer needed. They could see the blue sky overhead.

But was it true that they were approaching high land, or was it only the top of another deep sea peak?

Frank kept on in advance.

It was laborious work climbing over the jagged reef; but finally they got over it and were upon shelving sands.

Frank was the first to get his head above water. He unloosened the lock of his helmet and threw it off.

He drank in the glad pure air of day and the sunlight of a balmy morning. It was like an elixir of life to him.

Then the others followed his example.

"Saved! Thank God we are saved!" screamed Rhodes.

This was true. The sight before them was a rapturous one. The atoll, with its tropical verdure, was like a dream before them.

Never before had green leaves and grasses and singing birds seemed so beautiful and glorious.

They rushed through the combing surf, and flung themselves panting upon the silver sands.

Despite their hunger they recuperated fast. The air revived them mightily.

Moreover they were not long hungry.

There were shell fish upon the sands. A little spring of water bubbled out of the cliffs.

In the woods back of the shore were bananas and coconuts. Flocks of seabirds were nest building on the cliffs.

They gorged themselves with such food as lay at hand. Then they slept.

A few days sufficed for all to recover completely. Then while exploring the cliffs, Rhodes spied a sail.

It was a proa manned by Malays. But they were *orang laut* (men of the sea) and not pirates, so that they came readily to the rescue of the castaways.

They were taken from the island in the proa.

With the promise of a reward they carried the castaways to the nearest island port, where a trading ship was found.

On board this the submarine navigators finally reached Honolulu. There it was easy to take a steamer for San Francisco.

Nothing of note occurred on the voyage. But when they arrived in San Francisco a tremendous sensation was created.

Rhodes at once sent a dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy that the Sea Devil was destroyed. Back came a letter of congratulation, with the offer of indemnity to Frank Reade, Jr., for the loss of his boat.

Also promotion for Rhodes was hinted at. The young lieutenant at once started for Washington.

But he embraced Frank in taking leave of him and said:

"Be sure I shall never forget you, for I owe all to you. Perhaps some day I can return the favor in a small way!"

But Frank only smiled and said:

"There is nothing to return. I have enjoyed the adventure as well as you have.
They thus parted.

Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp returned to Readestown. They were warmly welcomed home.

"Golly!" declared Pomp; "I done flink it was a shame to lose

de Nautilus, but I reckon Marse Frank build anoder one when he takes a notion."

"Yez may be sure he will," said Barney.

But Frank did not commit himself. He only smiled, and went to work once more upon his drafted plans.

Whether he will ever succeed in building anything to outdo the Nautilus or not only time will tell. Until then let us patiently wait.

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowlaw. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. By C. Stanfield Hicks. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of Billiards, Bagatelle, Backgammon, Croquet, Dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the GREATEST BOOK ever published, and there's MILLIONS (of fun) IN IT. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.** For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents; or send price to the office of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, and receive a copy by return mail. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars, and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent free of postage upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe, and will cost you but 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oracleum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to trap Moles, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION, AND GUIDE.—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, tables of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless. Read this book, and be convinced. "How to Become Beautiful." Price ten cents. For sale by book and newsdealers, or send ten cents to Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to your address, post paid.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's Jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of ten cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

No. 1. Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parouquet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled. Price 10 cents.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

No. 13. How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 15. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

No. 19. FRANK TOUSEY'S United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

No. 20. How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdougall. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

No. 32. HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, solian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

No. 39. How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw. Price 10 cents.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.

Including hints on how to catch Mice, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

No. 41. The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.

Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 42. The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.

Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address
Box 2730, FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT COMIC LIBRARY.

- No.
32 A Nice Quiet Boy; or, Never Suspected, by Tom Teaser
33 Shorty in Search of His Dad, by Peter Pad
34 Skuttering Sam, by Peter Pad
35 The Shorty's Trip Around the World, by Peter Pad
36 Hildebrandt Fitzgum; or, My Quiet Little Cousin, by Tom Teaser
37 Tommy Bounce, Jr.; or, A Chip of the Old Block, by Peter Pad
38 Twins; or, Which Was the Other? by Sam Smiley
39 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For? by Peter Pad
40 The Shortys Married and Settled Down, by Peter Pad
41 Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College, by Peter Pad
42 The Shortys Out for Fun, by Peter Pad
43 Billy Bakkus, the Boy With the Big Mouth, by Commodore Ah-Look
44 "Whiskers;" or, One Year's Fun at Beltop Academy, by Sam Smiley
45 The Shortys Out Fishing, by Peter Pad
46 The Shortys Out Gunning, by Peter Pad
47 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer, by Peter Pad
48 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around the World, by Commodore Ah-Look
49 The Shorty's Farming, by Peter Pad
50 Muldoon's Night School, by Tom Teaser
51 Dandy Dick, the Doctor's Son; or, The Village Terror, by Tom Teaser
52 Sassy Sam Sumner. A Sequel to "Sassy Sam," by Commodore Ah-Look
53 The Jolly Travelers; or, Around the World for Fun, by Peter Pad
54 The Shortys in the Wild West, by Peter Pad
55 Muldoon, the Sport, by Tom Teaser
56 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin, by Commodore Ah-Look
57 Two Hard Nuts; or, A Term of Fun at Dr. Crackem's Academy, by Sam Smiley
58 The Shorty's Country Store, by Peter Pad
59 Muldoon's Vacation, by Tom Teaser
60 Jack Hawser's Tavern, by Peter Pad
61 Ike; or, He Never Got Left, by Tom Teaser
62 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag, by Peter Pad
63 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of It, by Tom Teaser
64 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks, by Peter Pad
65 Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure, by Tom Teaser
66 The Shorty's Christmas Snaps, by Peter Pad
67 The Bounce Twins, or, The Two Worst Boys in the World, by Sam Smiley
68 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School, by Tom Teaser
69 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure, by Peter Pad
70 Muldoon Out West, by Tom Teaser
71 Those Quiet Twins, by Peter Pad
72 Muldoon, the Fireman, by Tom Teaser
73 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun, by Peter Pad
74 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education, by Tom Teaser
75 Tumbling Tim; or, Traveling With a Cousin, by Peter Pad
76 Judge Cleary's Country Court, by Tom Teaser
77 Jack Ready's School Scrapes, by Peter Pad
78 Muldoon, the Solid Man, by Tom Teaser
79 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun, by Peter Pad
80 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, by Tom Teaser
81 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination, by Peter Pad
82 The Funny Four, by Peter Pad
83 Muldoon's Base Ball Club, by Tom Teaser
84 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston, by Tom Teaser
85 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, by Tom Teaser
86 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, by Peter Pad
87 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia, by Tom Teaser
88 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, by Tom Teaser
89 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something to His Dad, by Peter Pad
90 Muldoon's Picnic, by Tom Teaser
91 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels; or, Doing America for Fun, by Peter Pad
92 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play, by Peter Pad
93 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins, by Tom Teaser
94 The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York, by Tom Teaser
95 A Bad Boy's Note Book, by "Ed"
96 A Bad Boy at School, by "Ed"
97 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, the Torment of the Village, by Tom Teaser
98 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and School, by Tom Teaser
99 The Book Agent's Luck, by "Ed"
100 Muldoon's Boarding House, by Tom Teaser
101 Muldoon's Brother Dan, by Tom Teaser
102 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, by Tom Teaser
103 Senator Muldoon, by Tom Teaser
104 The Shorty's Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets, by Peter Pad
105 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes, by Tom Teaser
106 Muldoon, the Cop. Part I, by Tom Teaser
107 Muldoon, the Cop. Part II, by Tom Teaser
108 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another, by Tom Teaser
109 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, by Tom Teaser
110 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, by Tom Teaser
111 The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town, by Peter Pad
112 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Boy at His Old Tricks, by Peter Pad
113 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack, by Tom Teaser

All the above libraries are for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

Latest Issues of Frank Reade Library

By "Naname."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
43 Lost in the Land of Fire; or, Across the Pampas in the Electric Turret.
44 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Queen Clipper of the Clouds. Part I.
45 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Queen Clipper of the Clouds. Part II.
46 Six Weeks in the Great Whirlpool; or, Strange Adventures in a Submarine Boat.
47 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Monitor of the Air; or, Helping a Friend in Need in the Far West; or, The Search for a Lost People.
48 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a River of Mystery.
49 Frank Reade Jr., in the Sea of Sand, and His Discovery of a Lost People.
50 Chased Across the Sahara; or, The Bedouin's Captive.
51 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Air Yacht; or, The Great Inventor Among the Aztecs.
52 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Greyhound of the Air; or, the Search for the Mountain of Gold.
53 From Pole to Pole; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Submarine Voyage.
54 The Mystic Brand; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Overland Stage Upon the Staked Plains.
55 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Air-Ship, Part I.
56 Frank Reade, Jr., With His Air Ship in Asia; or, A Flight Across the Steppes.
57 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Torpedo Boat; or, At War With the Brazilian Rebels.
58 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part I.
59 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part II.
60 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Magnetic Gun-Carriage; or, Working for the U. S. Mail.
61 Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part I.
62 Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part II.
63 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Engine of the Clouds; or, Chased Around the World in the Sky.
64 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part I.
65 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part II.
66 The Sunken Pirate; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Search of a Treasure at the Bottom of the Sea.
67 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Air-Boat; or, Hunting Wild Beasts for a Circus.
68 The Black Range; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Cowboys With his New Electric Caravan.
69 From Zone to Zone; or, The Wonderful Trip of Frank Reade, Jr. With His Latest Air-Ship.
70 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Prairie Schooner; or, Fighting the Mexican Horse Thieves.
71 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Cruiser of the Lakes; or, A Journey Through Africa by Water.
72 Adrift in Africa; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Ivory Hunters With His New Electric Wagon.
73 Six Weeks in the Clouds; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Air-Ship, the Thunderbolt of the Skies.
74 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Air Racer; or, Around the Globe in Thirty Days.
75 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Flying Ice Ship; or, Driven Adrift in the Frozen Sky.
76 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Sea Engine; or, Hunting for a Sunken Diamond Mine.
77 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a Submarine Mountain; or, Lost at the Bottom of the Sea.
78 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Backboater; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.
79 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.
80 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.
81 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship the "Zephyr;" or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part I.
82 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship, the "Zephyr;" or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part II.
83 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Snow Cutter.
84 Lost in the Great Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Submarine Wonder, the "Dart."
85 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse;" or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part I.
86 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse;" or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part II.
87 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Far Southwest.
88 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip.
89 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."
90 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Catamaran of the Air; or, Wild and Wonderful Adventures in North Australia.
91 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search For a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.
92 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, The Search for the Lost Savants.
93 The Island of the Future; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Wonderful Trip Under the Deep Sea.
94 Over the Andes With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
95 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
96 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls With His New Submarine Cruiser.
97 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip With His Air-Ship.
98 Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Sky Scraper;" or, North and South Around the World.
99 Under the Equator from Ecuador to Borneo; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.
100 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Trip Across Africa in His Electric "Boomerang."

Latest Issues of YOUNG SLEUTH LIBRARY.

By the author of "Young Sleuth."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
39 Young Sleuth's St. Louis Capture; or, Spreading a Double Net.
40 Young Sleuth at the World's Fair; or, Piping a Mystery of Chicago.
41 Young Sleuth's Pittsburgh Discovery; or, The Keen Detective's Insurance Case.
42 Young Sleuth and the King of Crooks; or, Tracking Down the Worst Man in New York.
43 Young Sleuth in the "Lava Beds" of New York; or, The Tenderloin District by Night.
44 Young Sleuth and the Bunco Sharps; or, The Keen Detective's Winning Hand.
45 Young Sleuth and the Bryant Park Mystery; or, The Queen of the Quers in New York.
46 A 50 to 1 Shot; or, Young Sleuth as a Jockey.
47 Young Sleuth and the Express Robbers; or, Ferreting Out a Mystery of the Railway.
48 Won by a Neck; or, Young Sleuth's Best Race.
49 A Straight Tip; or, Young Sleuth at the American Derby.
50 At Long Odds; or, Young Sleuth's Lightning Finish.
51 Young Sleuth and the Great Wall Street Mystery; or, Tracing a Strange Tragedy of a Broker's Office.
52 Young Sleuth and the Opera House Mystery; or, Murdered Behind the Scenes.
53 Young Sleuth Under the Docks of New York; or, The River Thieves and the Keen Detective.
54 Young Sleuth and the Mysterious Doctor; or, A Medical Student's Dark Plot.
55 Young Sleuth and the Rival Bank Breakers; or, The Keen Detective's Girl Decoy.
56 Young Sleuth's Flash Light; or, The Dark Mystery of a Wedding Eve.
57 Young Sleuth and the Murder in the State-Room; or, A Mystery of the Ocean.
58 Young Sleuth's Long Trail; or, The Keen Detective After the James Boys.
59 Young Sleuth's Terrible Dilemma; or, One Chance in One Hundred.
60 Young Sleuth and the Murder at the Masked Ball; or, Fighting the League of the Seven Demons.
61 Young Sleuth's Big Contract; or, Cleansing Out the Thugs of Baltimore.
62 Young Sleuth Betrayed; or, The False Detective's Villainy.
63 Young Sleuth's Terrible Test; or, Won at the Risk of Life.
64 Young Sleuth and the Man With the Diamond Eye.
65 Young Sleuth Accused; or, Held for Another Crime.
66 Young Sleuth's Lost Link; or, Finding Lost Evidence.
67 Young Sleuth's Last Dodge; or, The Keen Detective's Greatest Ruse.
68 Young Sleuth and the Female Smuggler; or, Working For Uncle Sam.
69 Young Sleuth's Lightning Changes; or, The Gold Brick Gang Taken In.
70 Young Sleuth and the Owls of Owl Mountain; or, The Ghosts of Blue Ridge Tavern.
71 Young Sleuth's Last Round; or, The Keen Detective's Best Knock-Out.
72 Young Sleuth's Sharps; or, Sharp Work Among Sharp Crooks.
73 Young Sleuth's Seven Signs; or, The Keen Detective's Marked Trail.
74 Young Sleuth on the Stage; or, An Act Not on the Bills.
75 Young Sleuth at Monte Carlo; or, The Crime of the Casino.
76 Young Sleuth and the Man with the Tattooed Arm; or, Tracking Missing Millions.
77 Young Sleuth in Demijohn City; or, Waltzing William's Dancing School.
78 Young Sleuth in Siberia; or, Saving a Young American from the Prison Mines.
79 Young Sleuth Almost Knocked Out; or, Nell Blondin's Desperate Game.
80 Young Sleuth and Billy the Kid Number Two; or, The Hidden Ranch of the Panhandle.
81 Young Sleuth's Master Stroke; or, The Lady Detective's Many Masks.
82 Murdered in a Mask; or, Young Sleuth at the French Ball.
83 Young Sleuth in Paris; or, The Keen Detective and the Bomb-Throwers.
84 Young Sleuth and the Italian Brigands; or, The Keen Detective's Greatest Rescue.
85 Young Sleuth and a Dead Man's Secret; or, The Message in the Handle of a Dagger.
86 Young Sleuth Decoyed; or, The Woman of Fire.
87 Young Sleuth and the Highway Circus Boys; or, Following a Pair of Wild New York Leads.
88 Young Sleuth at Atlantic City; or, The Great Seaside Mystery.
89 Young Sleuth, the Detective in Chicago; or, Unraveling a Mystery.
90 The Man in the Safe; or, Young Sleuth as a Bank Detective.
91 Young Sleuth and the Phantom Detective; or, The Trail of the Dead.
92 Young Sleuth and the Girl in the Mask; or, The Lady Monte Cristo of Baltimore.
93 Young Sleuth and the Corsican Knife-Thrower; or, The Mystery of the Murdered Actress.
94 Young Sleuth and the Cashier's Crime; or, The Evidence of a Dead Witness.
95 Young Sleuth in the Toils; or, The Death Traps of New York.
96 Young Sleuth and the Miser's Ghost; or, A Hunt For Hidden Money.
97 Young Sleuth as a Dead Game Sport; or, The Keen Detective's Race for \$10,000.
98 Young Sleuth and the Gypsies' Gold; or, The Package Marked "Z."
99 Young Sleuth and Policy Pete, the Sharper King; or, The Keen Detective's Lottery Game.
100 Young Sleuth in the Sewers of New York; or, Keen Work from Broadway to the Bowery.
101 Young Sleuth and the Cashier's Crime; or, The Secret of the Old Church Tower.
102 Young Sleuth's Unknown; or, The Man who Came Behind.

FRANK ROUSE, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.